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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXVIII No. 2189 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JANUARY 3 1942

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Volume CLXVIII No. 2189

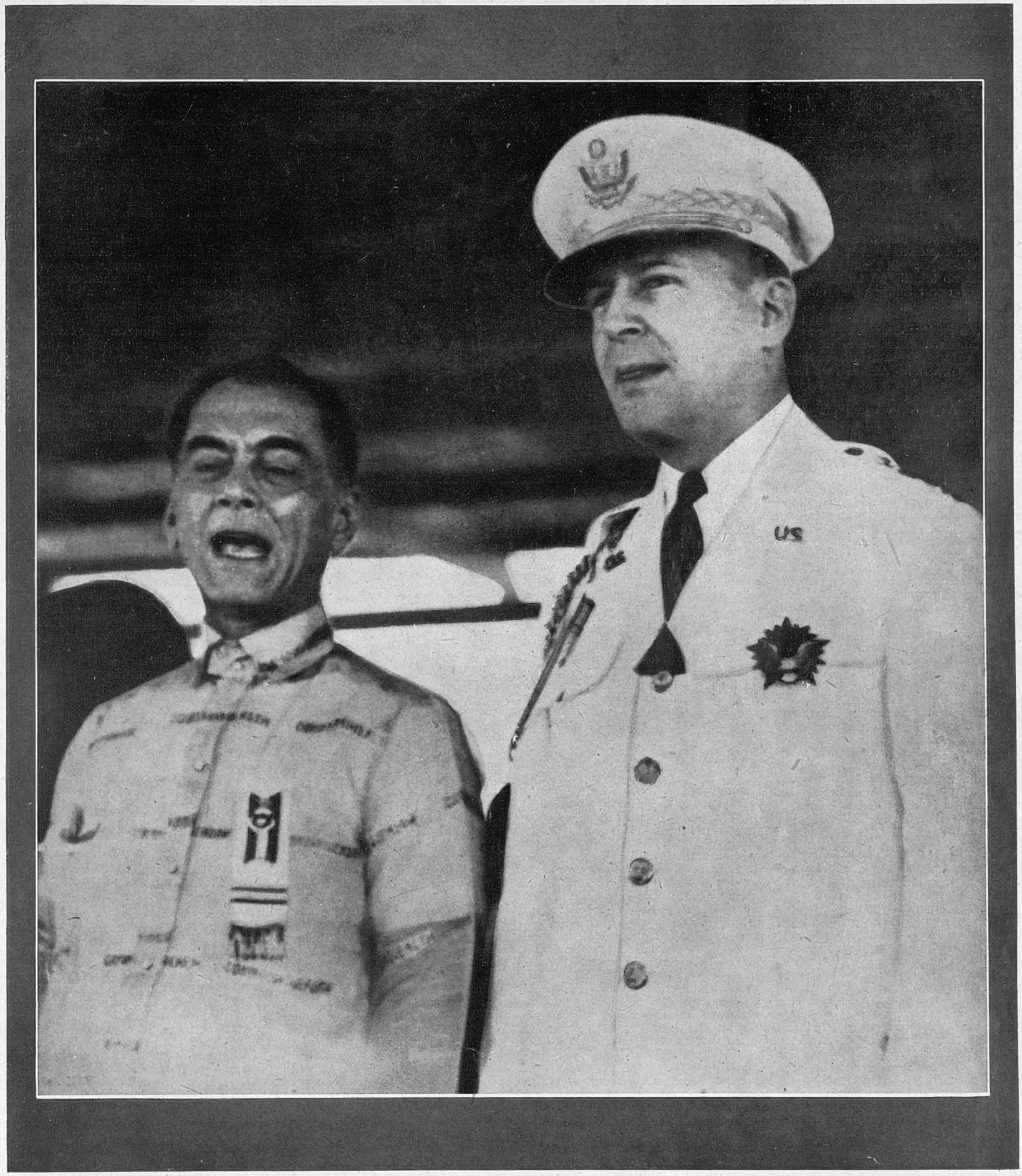
The SPHERE, London, January 3, 1942

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 3, 1942



THE PRESIDENT OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF THE PHILIPPINES, DON MANUEL QUEZON, WITH GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY IN THE EAST—A PICTURE TAKEN IN MANILA

For the moment, the centre of conflict in the Far East is the Island of Luzon, on which Manila is situated. Like Singapore farther to the south, the Philippines (of which Manila is the capital) are greatly coveted by the Japanese : hence the battering which the defenceless city has received at the hands of the enemy's bombing forces. The Japanese have stated that they will desist from such contravention of all recognised International Law only if the Filipinos submit to the enemy occupation of their territory : but this no Filipino is prepared to do. Instead, they have been heartened by President Roosevelt's announcement that U.S. help is coming to their aid. The Philippine Islands group is a Commonwealth, of which Don Manuel Quezon is the President : he was born in August 1878, elected in September 1935, and assumed office—for six years—in November of that year. General Douglas MacArthur, promoted a few days ago, is the C.-in-C. of the U.S. Army stationed in the Philippines. In peacetime, this army consisted of 10,000 men, of whom approximately half were Filipinos

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 122

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

To 1942.—It is not to be denied that the last weeks of 1941 were dark; as dark, in all circumstances, as any we can remember. We are no strangers to dark Decembers, nor to years ending in gloom and obscurity. I am old enough to remember pretty vividly the "black December" of 1899, and in recent decades I have not seldom made reference to the black endings of years that are gone. When the heaviest misfortunes fall at the end of the year, they find us, even in peacetime, peculiarly vulnerable victims. It is foolish to underrate the effect of weather on health and spirits or the power of sunlight on morale. The fogs and black-outs imposed by war conditions, superimposed on those of Nature, have had their effect, and, I fancy, we have of late been more than usually affected by reverse and set-back. The turn of the year has come. The light will soon come straggling back, bringing fresh hopes. In the darkest hours we lost no scintilla of faith, we shed none of our resolution nor unity of purpose. Indeed, the events of the black December of 1941 have in them as much for thankfulness as for apprehension. Where do we stand as we come to 1942? In truth, we stand on surer ground. At least, we stand four-square to the winds that blow; at least, we can measure the tasks ahead. At least, we and our Allies now face all ways, and are safe from the assassin's dagger in the back. We have shed doubts, shed dreams, scrapped "wishful thinking," done (as I hope) with words and formulas; realise and accept the depths of evil and deception of which the enemies of mankind are capable; have measured all risks and dangers, and no longer underrate them. Nor need we overrate them. We have taken their measure. We are realists at last, and we stand in good company among realists and men of good will. It may to-day seem strange, even incredible, to us that so many bitter lessons, so much tragic experience, were the price that had to be paid for clear vision, for purchasing the naked truth, for that primitive recipe for countering treachery by "forming square." Yet so it was. There is an amnesty from criticism when all are equally liable to criticism. Enough that we enter upon 1942 in good company, in strong company, in decent company; the scales fallen from our eyes, the fetters kicked from our ankles, the weapons in our hands; with a common purpose, with unity at home and co-operation among our Allies.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER leaves the Nursing Home after calling on the Duchess, and seeing his new-born son: The Duchess gave birth to her son on Thursday, December 18: this picture was taken as the Royal husband left the Carnarvon Nursing Home at Barnet. The Duke had obtained leave from his Army duties to be present. He is serving with the Armoured Brigade, where he has been working very hard since his return from France. Because, like the work of any Senior Staff Officer, the duties are of a somewhat dull routine nature, the Duke has not come much into the limelight during recent weeks

Years Don't Count.—For the first time for many, many years I attempted no review of the year that has passed. For this reason: It has been borne in on me that in wartime years lose their significance as milestones. It is not dates (or words) but military and economic facts which mark and measure the uphill road, and perhaps many readers will agree that our very nature has given the lead in suggesting this theory. Our memories have ceased to be reliable on events of a given year. My own, at least, is utterly muddled. I cannot place within its calendar-confines *this* signal event, or *that*. In what year was the *Blitz* on Coventry; in what months and years were the first mass air raid on London, the "fire of London," the end of the Battle of Britain, Dunkirk, the battle of Norway, the Russo-Finnish War . . .? I could make a number of bloomers in dating even these high spots, chosen at haphazard. 1941 was (on this I am clear) sown in weakness and reaped in comparative strength, though many grievous tares flourished amid the good wheat. If I had ever felt *any* doubt of the ultimate issue, I should have felt it most keenly about December 1940, when I thought it on the cards that Russia's "neutrality" would grow more malevolent against us, if indeed she did not come in against us. A year later, Russia had proved our strongest fighting ally, and had decimated the Panzer hordes and smashed the fiction of their invincibility. A year later, in a resounding victory almost *too* conservatively reported, we had proved the same facts in Libya. The Battle of the Atlantic stood revealed as another major defeat for Hitler, and had made another nonsense of his infallibility in prophecy. A year later, America in an hour had become a fighting ally, with disunity and isolationism shattered, and a fierce resolve for total victory at any cost, and a vow of exemplary vengeance on the barbarians, installed in their place. A year later, we knew beyond doubt that four-fifths of the world were arrayed in battle, with or without arms, on our side. A year later, everything in the garden, save only the Far Eastern section, must seem by comparison lovely and favourable for our cause. The Pacific war is grievous enough. Every early success by Japan seems not only to heap humiliation on the unready democracies, but to postpone indefinitely the day of reckoning. These set-backs are part and parcel of war. They are written for our learning. Mr. Churchill set them in their proper perspective for all the English-speaking peoples when he placed them in a world-wide setting. The loss of Hong Kong and perhaps of Manila made possible the sweeping triumphs in Russia, Libya, and the Atlantic. The earth's face is the battlefield. We cannot yet hope to have the initiative everywhere. But facts of war, not calendar dates, have significance, and there is in 1942 a not dubious smile on the broad, clean face of the Earth. I did not observe that smile in January 1941.

The Bulls and Bears of War.—Most men in middle age come to accept with philosophy the bitter truth that life affords no definite periods for self-congratulation after success achieved. Life is a continual struggle, there are no holidays and no chapters. "The account runs on," as Rhadamanthus informed Samuel Travers Carter. No sooner has a man stopped a gap in the dam but another breaks out elsewhere; no sooner has he gained an advance on the right flank but he must switch his reserves to counter a thrust by Fate on the left. There is no time for throwing a hat into the air. It is ding-dong all the time. And what is human life but "all-in war" in microcosm? We see the same conditions writ large in this death struggle. We have been through a pretty hectic time in 1941. So, too, have our arch-enemies. We have taken some shattering blows, but we have given some shattering blows in return. We gained and lost Libya, and look like gaining much of it again. We set the *Prince of Wales* against the *Bismarck*, the entry of Japan against the entry and unity of the United States; the emasculation of Italian sea-power against our losses in the Mediterranean land-wars. In the economic war we had no sooner blocked one more channel of enemy supplies, but we learned that the enemy had cleared another. And so it goes on, without pause for halloo-ing, counter-blow following blow, set-back following advance. We know it must be so, but even the most experienced and philosophic may feel a peculiar bitterness in the untimely intervention by Japan in this Armageddon! If ever we might have looked for at least one week undisturbed by set-backs, for ringing the bells all over the free spaces of the earth's face, it was on the day which brought us final proof of the Miracle of Moscow. Yet on that very day Japan entered the war, and, in the week that followed, our hat, so far from being in the air, was bashed on our skulls by the treacherous blows dealt to the Allied Fleets in the Pacific. We needed a fillip, and if ever there was cause for congratulation in times of infinite danger, this tremendous repetition of history, this unparalleled triumph for Russian resolution, gave cause for it among the Allies. Napoleon staked his army, but not knowingly his fate. Hitler staked everything which held him on his pedestal of power and deity and omniscience. If he had dreamed of the possibility of failure, he would not have contemplated for one moment an attack on Russia. Dare we hope that, if we have no time to read with rejoicing the writing on the wall, the ding-dong of war may afford to Hitler at least a few hours in a pillow-review to read it, to mark it, and to appreciate its full significance?

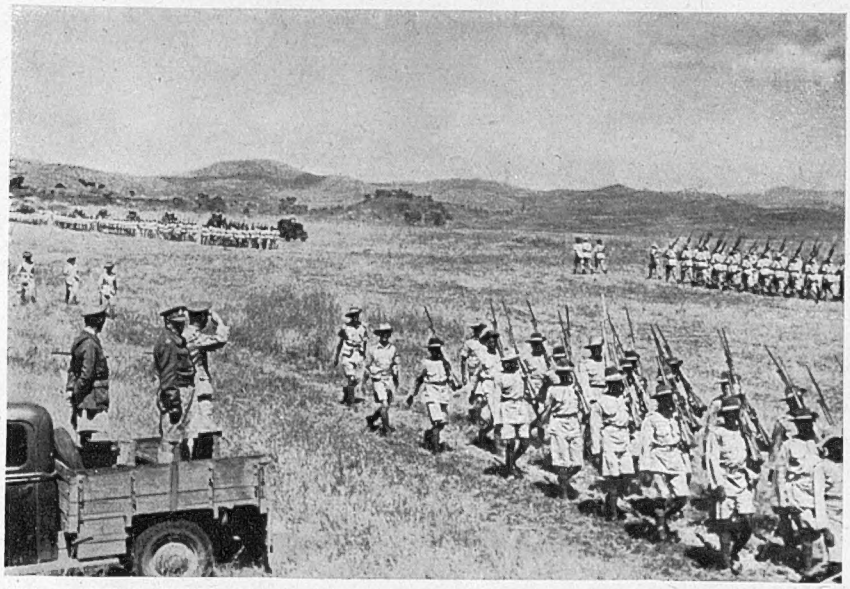
The Duchess of Gloucester.—The birth of a son to the Duchess of Gloucester is a "happy event" for the Royal Family, and on that account for the nation which holds its Royal House in the highest esteem and affection. It may stand, too, as typifying the "little candle" of cheerfulness and hope and sanity which beacons even in the darkest night. While the flower of our youth is dying every day on the battlefield a new generation is being born, in homes high and humble, assured, we believe, of a destiny more secure and happy than that of the two generations which preceded it. Our faith, which sustains us to-day, assures us that the babies of 1941 shall walk in the days of their youth along smooth paths and through green fields from which the scars of war have been obliterated by time and good will. How pleased and proud would the new Prince's grandfather, King George V, have been at this event. One can accurately imagine the brief and delighted reference in his journal. The last pages of that punctual and continuous record of his days held many references to "my Kent grandson," whom he loved to watch at "the ceremony of the bath," while he offered sound opinions to the nurse on the infant's well-being and weight. Pleased too, he would have been to share, in respect of this child, the responsibilities of grandfatherhood with a man who was a lifelong (and almost his first) friend. The Duchess's father, the late Duke of Buccleuch, as John Scott, nephew of the captain of the *Bacchante*, was a fellow-cadet with Prince George and Prince Eddy during that long world cruise which initiated the late King into the mysteries of the Silent Service; and later, as Lord Dalkeith and Duke of Buccleuch, he kept up more or less continuously with his royal master and friend a correspondence highly valued for its frankness and fellowship and good sense on both sides. It may be that the Christian names of George and John will be among those chosen for the new Prince, albeit the latter name has no very auspicious associations in the British Royal House.

Those Christmas Cards.—This Christmas (for the first time in memory), applications which I received for payment of accounts due to the Exchequer and local Government authorities, tradesmen and others, exceeded the number of Christmas greeting cards. Still, it left a very considerable volume of those invaluable war-commodities, paper and cardboard, on my hands. If one's friends could find the means to send the *spirit* rather than the material proofs of friendship, what a saving of time and labour it would be! But no scientist has yet invented a method of doing that, and there remains to the Christmas card, even in wartime, a certain power to warm and comfort. A man likes to be remembered. In wartime it is easy enough to feel neglected. So I record my thanks to all who sent material proofs of remembrance and set store by their wishes for peace on earth. I liked to think that some of these cards had seen the light of other Christmas Days, and that the dust of 1941 and perhaps of 1940 had been upon them and had been blown off them. I don't know that I favoured the decision (in 1941) of Government Departments to design and broadcast Christmas cards. But there, it is obvious that I am not much set on Christmas cards, once the first fine careless rapture of opening their covers is spent. I cannot endure to see a chimney-piece stacked with them well into January. Even Christmas should be "localised." "Scrooge" (says you)!

THE OLD STAGER

AFTER THE SURRENDER OF THE ITALIANS—Some of the 11,500 prisoners being marched through the modern portion of the city of Gondar. In the background can be seen the old and historic Portuguese Citadel

A FEW OF THE 11,500 ITALIAN PRISONERS TAKEN AT GONDAR: These men had managed to hold out for over six months; 12,000 natives were also captured



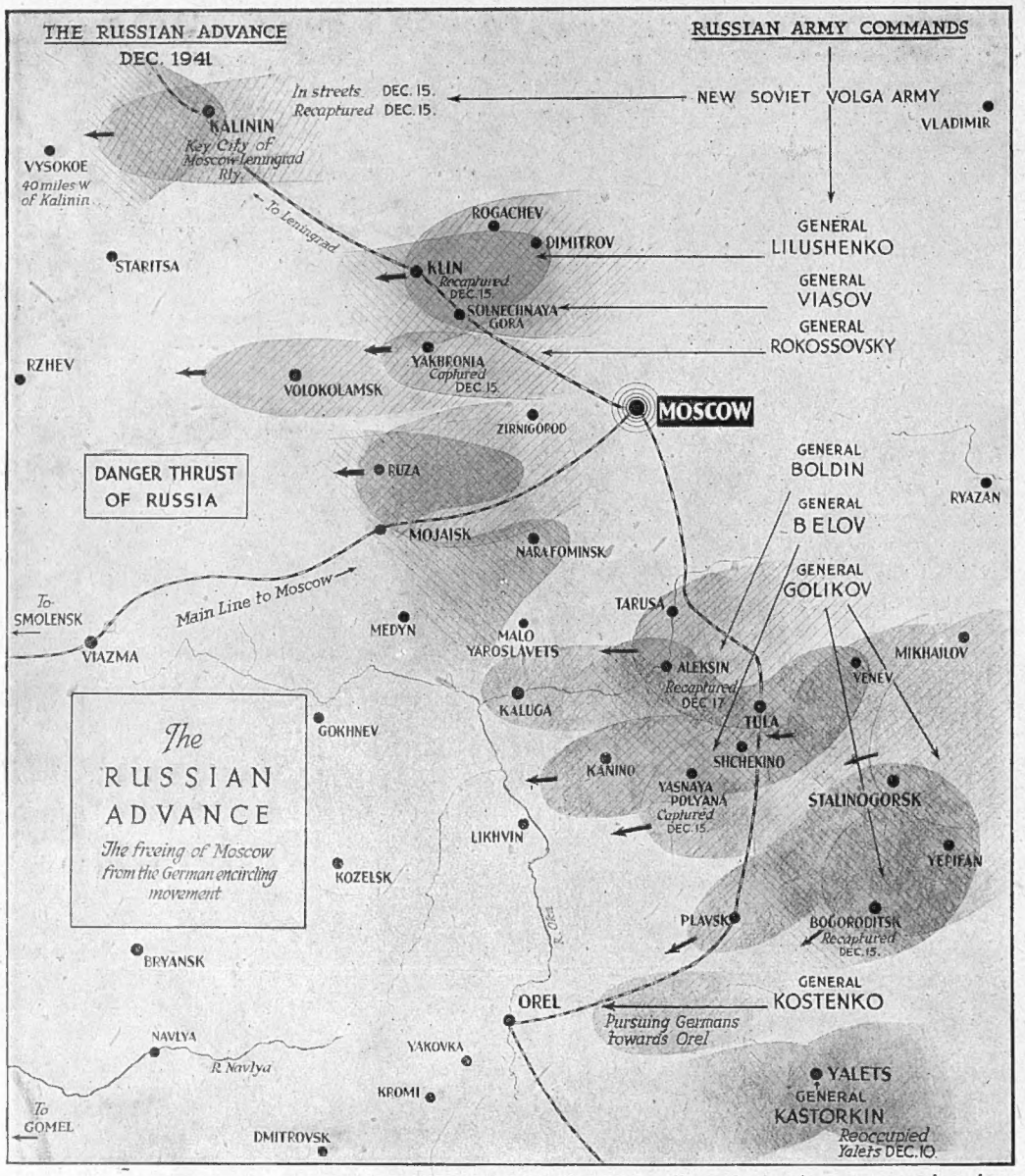
THE FIGHTING COMES TO AN END: A general view of the parade held after the capitulation of the strong force under the Italian General Nasi: it shows men of the King's African Rifles marching past the Saluting Base

BRIGADIER JAMES, who was the first British officer to enter the fortress

The CAPTURE of GONDAR

On Thursday, November 27, the last Italian stronghold in East Africa surrendered after having held out for over six months. At the fall of Gondar, 23,500 men (of whom 11,500 were Italians), under the command of General Nasi, and fifty guns, were captured after a final assault, carried out mostly by East Africans, under Major-General Cyril Fowkes. Gondar lies 7,500 ft. up: roads leading to it were non-existent, and the physical conditions to be surmounted by the attackers were very considerable. When our forces entered the well-built and modernised city, only five women were found there, the others (together with all the children) having been evacuated a long time ago. The whole of Abyssinia is now free of the Italians, the only ones remaining in the country being prisoners of war or civilians under supervision. The pictures reproduced here are British official photographs, released by the War Office

THE GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING—Major-General Cyril Fowkes arrives in Gondar. He also participated in the battles at Addis and Jimma



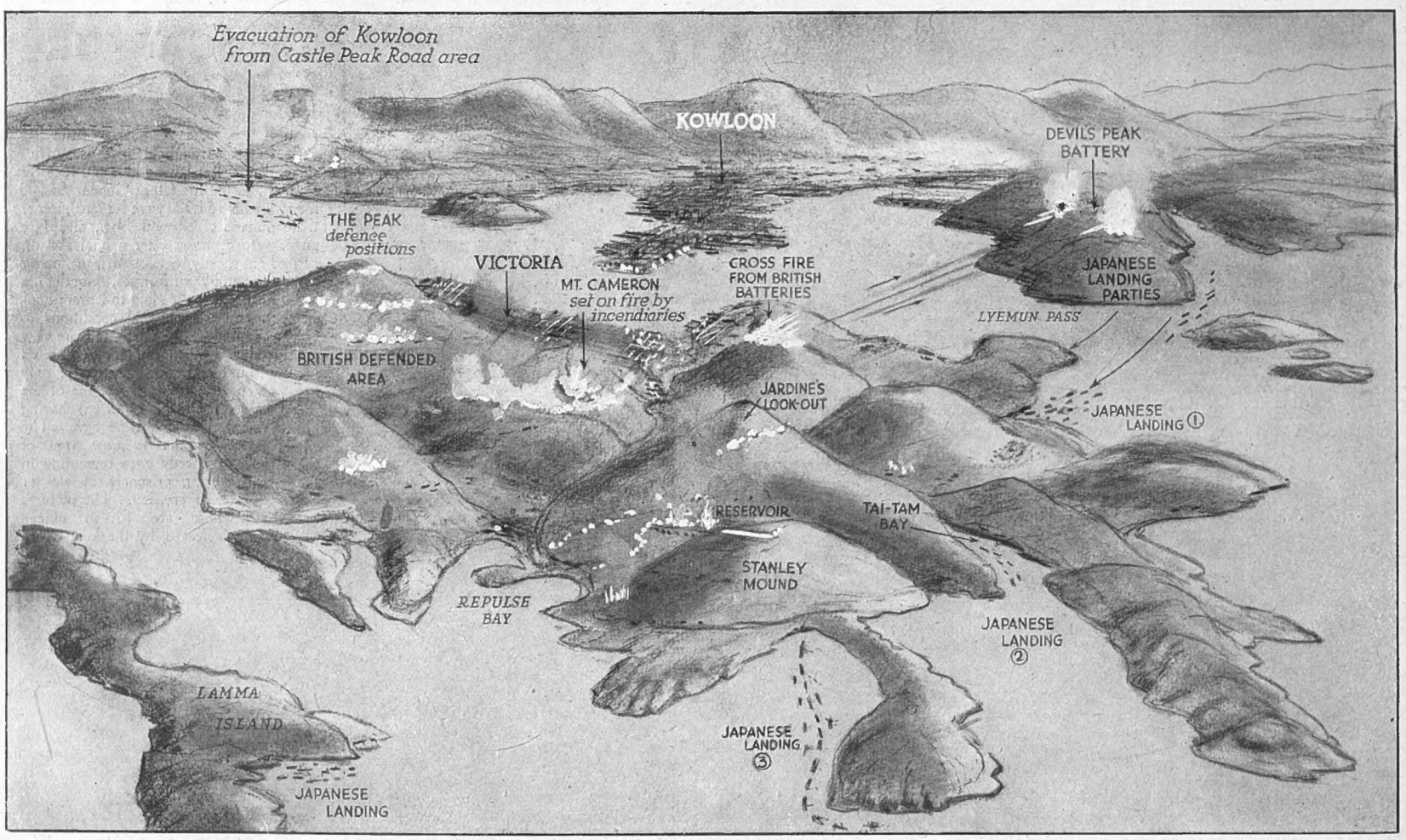
THE RUSSIAN ROUT OF THE GERMAN ARMIES AROUND MOSCOW: How the various commanders have carried out the operations which have resulted in the freeing of the Russian capital

THE FREEING OF MOSCOW

And the Loss of the Island of Hong Kong

It was at the beginning of the second week in December that the great change on the Eastern Front began to manifest itself. Successful Russian attacks and advances coincided with the German decision to retreat under the compulsion of the Russian winter and of the accumulated fatigue both of men and material. The Russian commanders began to attack vigorously; their armies turned and, being reinforced with fresh, specially-equipped winter troops, struck vigorously at the German positions, The Russian attacks extended from the Finnish positions above Lake Ladoga to Taganrog in the south. But the fighting was along no actual "line"; as the accompanying, specially-prepared map of the central Moscow area indicates, it was a series of "regions of activity." The areas held by the Germans at the opening of the retreat are indicated by lines running from right to left, and the successful advances of the Russians are shown by lines running left to right. The overlapping portions show the territory occupied by the Russians. The fiercely contested actions have grouped themselves in four regions, beginning with Kalinin in the north and passing south to the area of Klin, Zermgarod and Mojaisk, on to the region south of Moscow, which included Mikailov, Stalinogradsk and Tula. It was from these two areas that the Germans had made their deepest thrusts in the attempt to encircle Moscow. *The advance of the Russians freed the capital from this great danger*; the deepest counter-thrust against the Germans taking place in the Volokolamsk region. The fourth area to the south freed Yalets from the enemy grasp

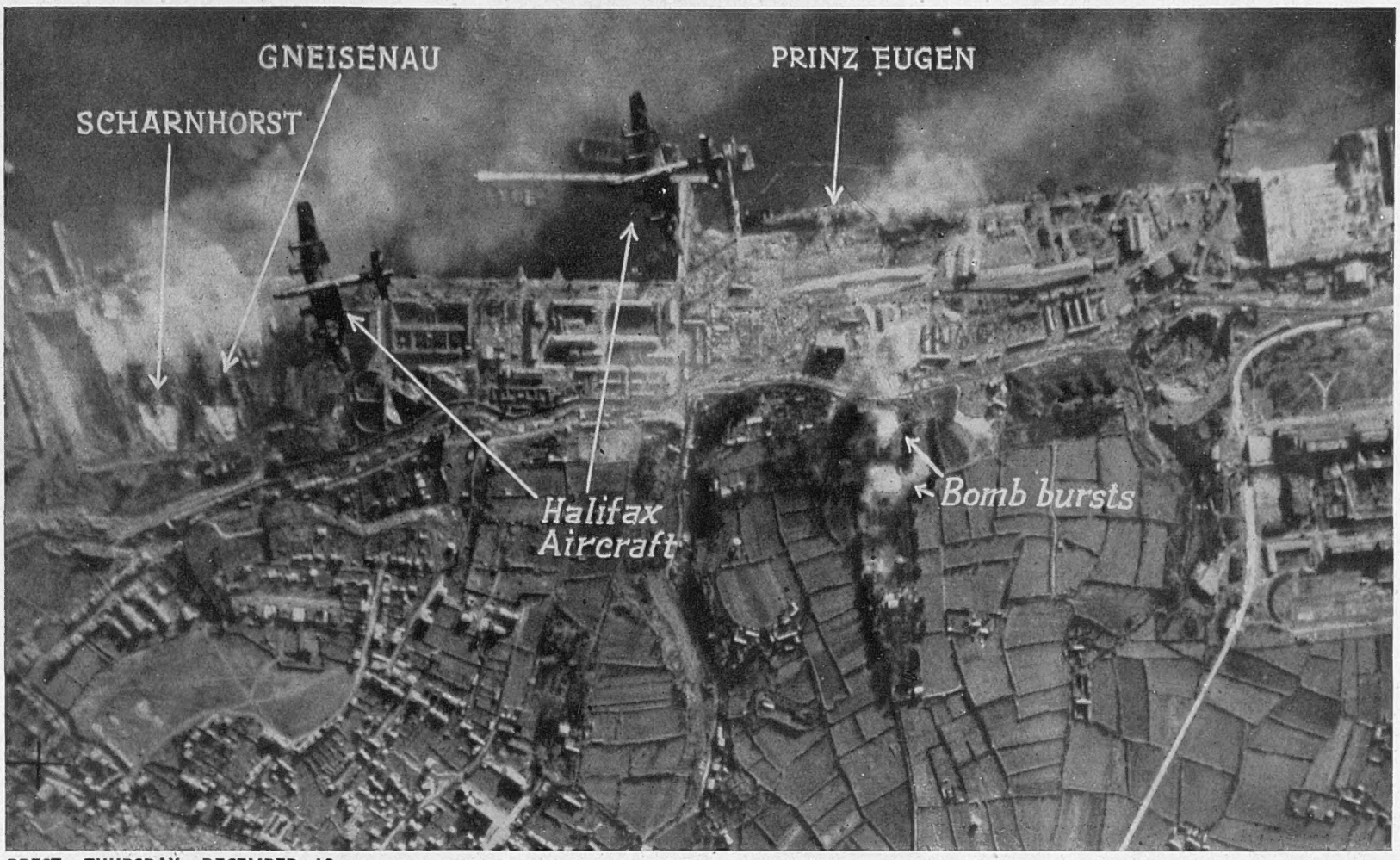
THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE PLIGHT OF FINLAND: With the retirement of the German armies along the Russian front, Finland now faces very grave dangers. Field-Marshal Mannerheim (on left) is the man responsible for this, owing to his uncompromising attitude to Russia and to his pro-German sympathies. Above he is seen with General von Falkenhorst, C.-in-C. of the German forces on the Finnish front (on right)



THE ISLAND OF HONG KONG, AND THE KOWLOON TERRITORY ON THE MAINLAND, WHICH WERE DEFENDED AGAINST the Japanese from December 8 to December 25, when the island garrison was overcome by sheer weight of numbers—*Drawing by Percy Home*

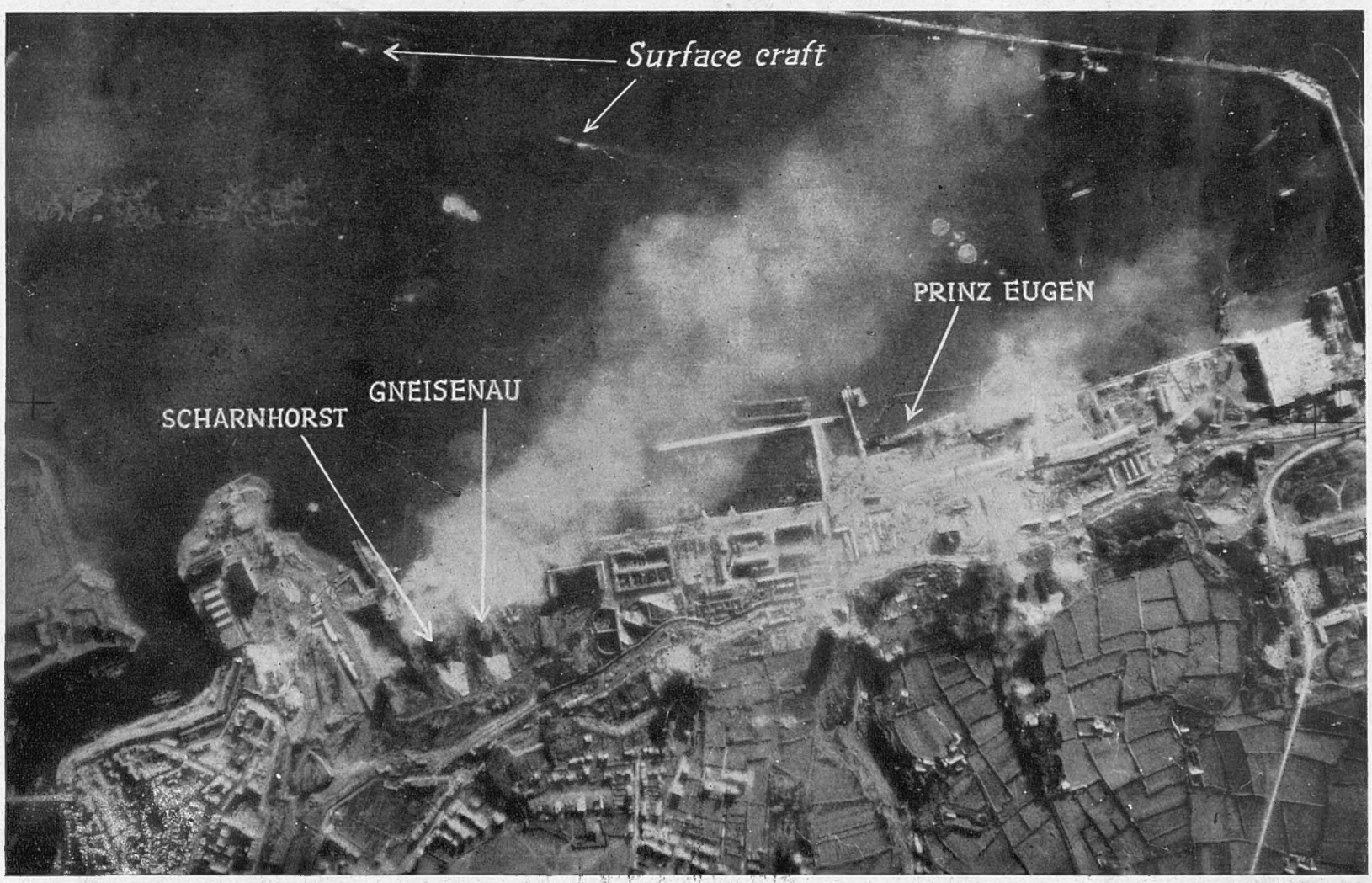
The first movement of the Japanese against Hong Kong and Kowloon occurred on Monday, December 8, when an enemy division crossed the mainland frontier with other troops following. This advance was checked by delaying actions until the Castle Peak Road area was reached; and it was from this district that the defence forces were moved across to Victoria on December 11. The military problem then resolved itself into the defence of Hong Kong island. For several days the island was subjected to heavy shelling, and to air bombardment; meeting no counter-action in the air, the enemy was enabled to knock out numerous vital points. The British batteries replied against the enemy's gun positions on Devil's Peak. The residential portion of Victoria was also hit by enemy shell-fire. It was on the 20th that the Japanese launched their attack in force on the island. This took place mainly from the north-east in the Lyemun Pass area, with other parties landing further south. These were made in such force and with such persistence in face of heavy fire that the enemy was able to establish himself and force his advanced troops into the area of Jardine's Hill and round by Stanley Mount and Tai Tam Bay. Here the Japanese forces were trapped near the reservoirs and suffered severely. But the attacks pressed on: Mount Cameron was set on fire by showers of incendiaries, more water supplies were destroyed, and finally, the island had to be surrendered on the 25th

The DAYLIGHT ATTACKS on the GERMAN BATTLESHIPS



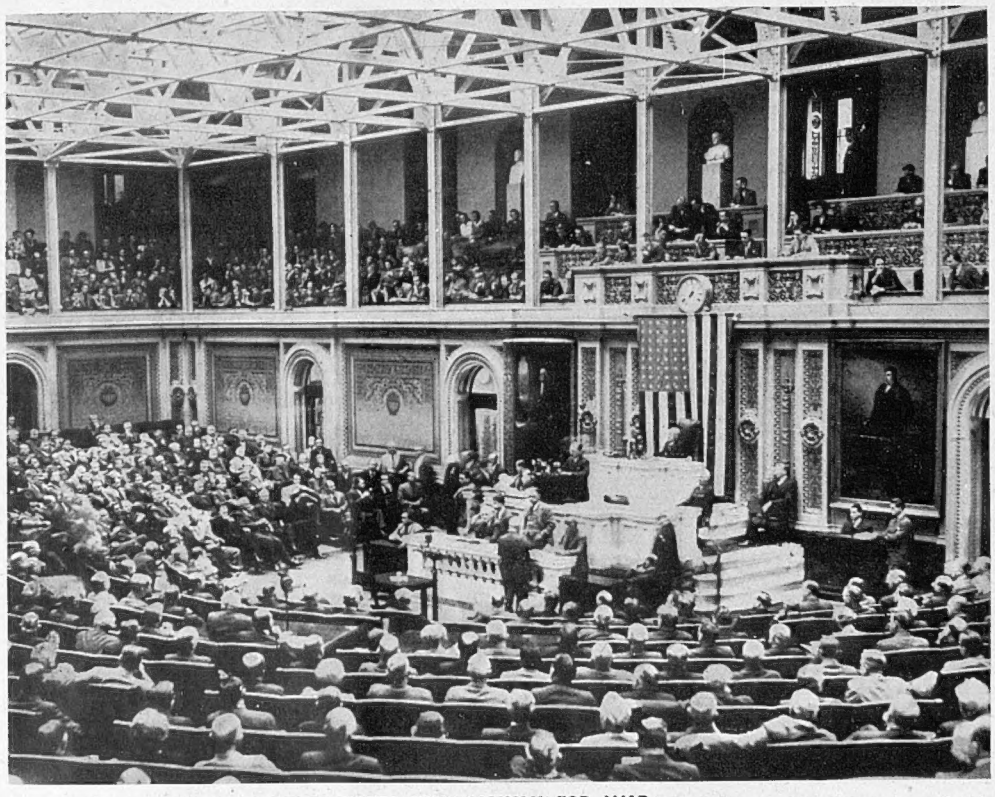
BREST—THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18—HALIFAX AIRCRAFT OF BOMBER COMMAND, R.A.F., FLYING OVER THE PORT WHERE THE POCKET-BATTLESHIPS "SCHARNHORST" AND "GNEISENAU" AND THE CRUISER "PRINZ EUGEN" ARE SHELTERING. The attack on these vessels had already begun when this official picture was taken by another British bomber flying above the Halifaxes

On Thursday, December 18, heavy aircraft of the R.A.F. Bomber Command made a daylight attack on the Nazi pocket-battleships *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* and on the cruiser *Prinz Eugen* as they lay in the harbour of Brest. The aircraft taking part were amongst the biggest at our disposal—Stirlings, Halifaxes and Manchesters: the pictures reproduced here are from official photographs taken by the Air Ministry on this special occasion. The two battleships were in dry dock; the cruiser lay in one of the basins protected by anti-submarine nets. Notwithstanding heavy anti-aircraft fire from the warships and from shore batteries, and an attempt by the enemy to obscure the target with smoke screens, our aircraft pressed home the attack successfully. This bombing expedition was an example of co-operation between the Bomber Command of the R.A.F. and the Royal Navy



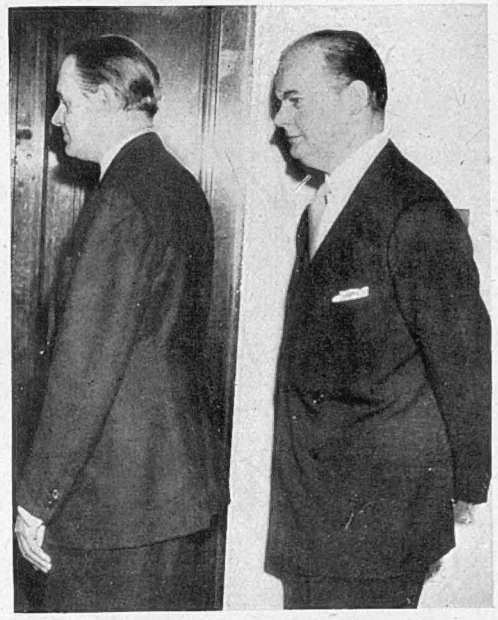
THE ATTACK ON THE GERMAN NAVAL VESSELS AT ITS HEIGHT: The "Scharnhorst" is on the left and the "Gneisenau" on the right: the cruiser "Prinz Eugen" is also indicated. Heavy bombs from Stirlings, Halifaxes and Manchesters are exploding on and around the target. *Note* the German surface craft speeding for the harbour exit to escape the rain of heavy bombs

HOW AMERICA CAME INTO THE WAR

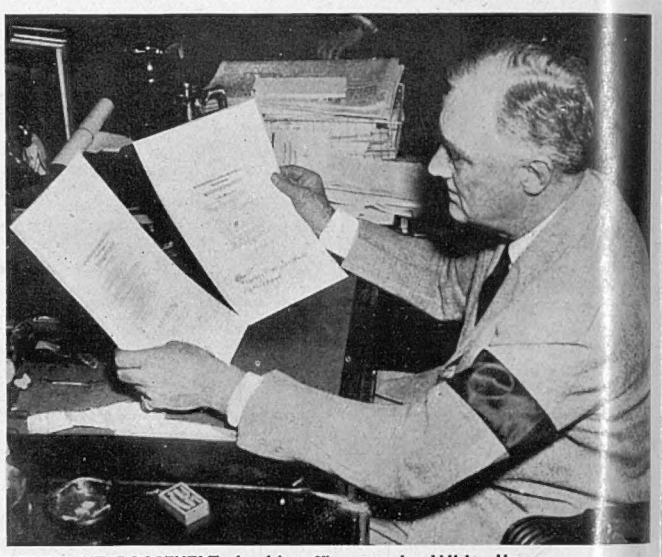


THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES VOTES UNANIMOUSLY FOR WAR : The scene at the Session in which it was unanimously declared that a state of war existed between the United States and Germany and Italy. The vote was 393 to 0 on the German resolution (with one woman Representative from Montana voting "Present"). The President had sent a brief message, which was read by the Clerk. Speaker Sam Rayburn presided : he is seen seated on the dais beneath the American flag

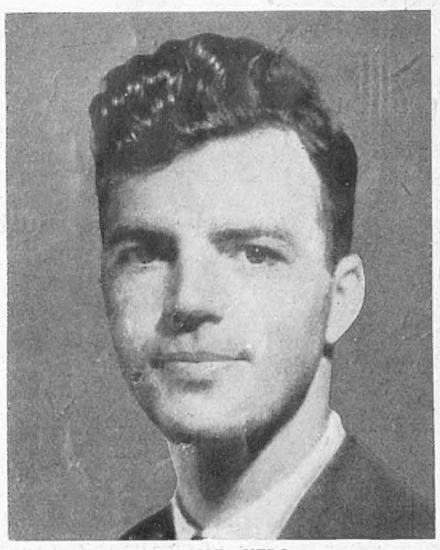
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT SIGNING THE DECLARATION AGAINST GERMANY Witnessing the President's signature are (left to right) Vice-Preside Henry A. Wallace ; Speaker Sam Rayburn ; Senator Warren Austin ; Senat Charles L. McNary ; Representative J. W. McCormick ; Senator Carter Glas Senator A. W. Barkley (behind) ; and Senator Tom Connally



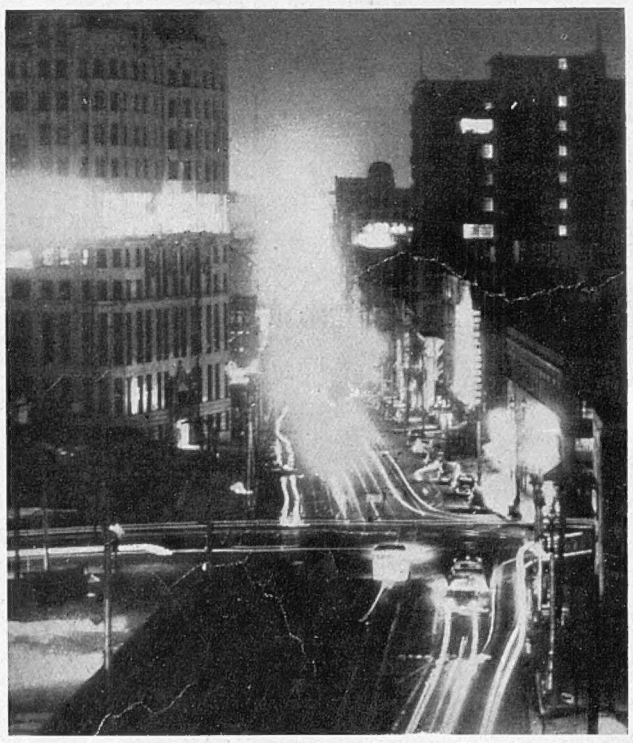
JAPANESE AND GERMAN ENVOYS : *Above*—Mr. S. Kurusu and Admiral K. Nomura (Ambassador) waiting to see Mr. Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, after the treacherous attack by the country they represent. *On the right* are Hans Thomsen, Chargé d'Affaires, and H. von Strempel, First Secretary of the German Embassy, arriving at the State Department to hand the Declaration of War to Mr. Cordell Hull. He refused to see them

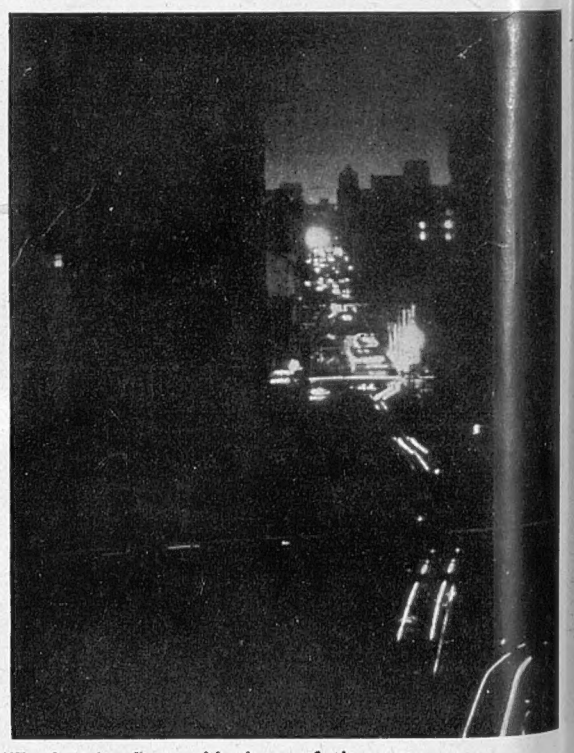


PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in his office at the White House, looking at t Joint Congressional Declarations of War against Germany and Italy. T Resolutions were brought to him for signature after they had been pass unanimously by both Houses of Congress at Washington



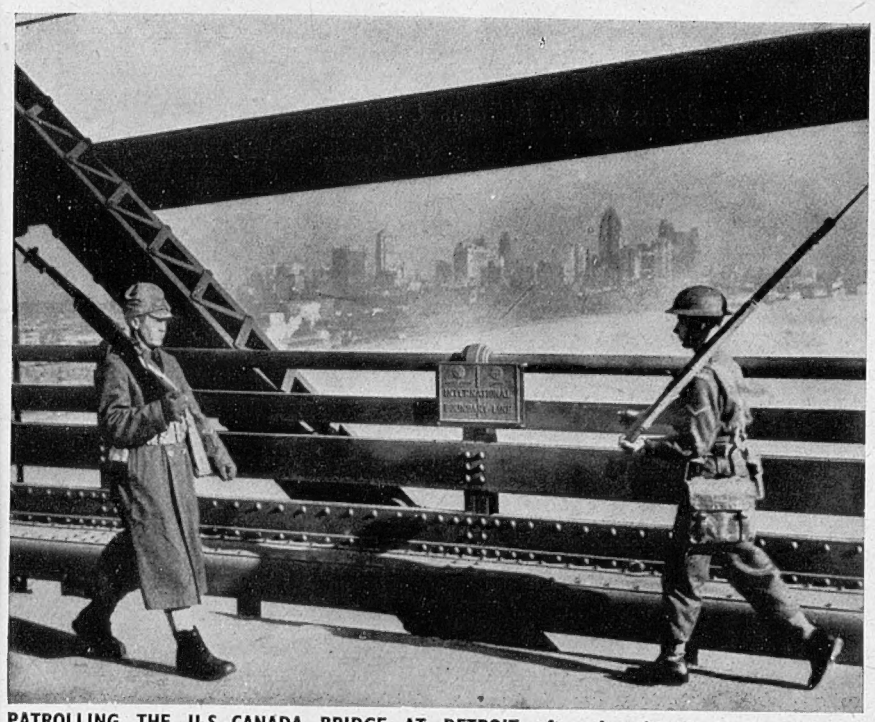
AMERICA'S FIRST WAR HERO : Captain Colin Kelly, Jr., aged twenty-six, America's first hero of the war. He scored three direct bomb-hits on the Japanese battleship *Haruna*, sinking her but losing his own life. Shortly afterwards, the President wrote a letter to the "American President in 1956," asking that Kelly's son, now in his second year, should be admitted to West Point Military Academy in that year



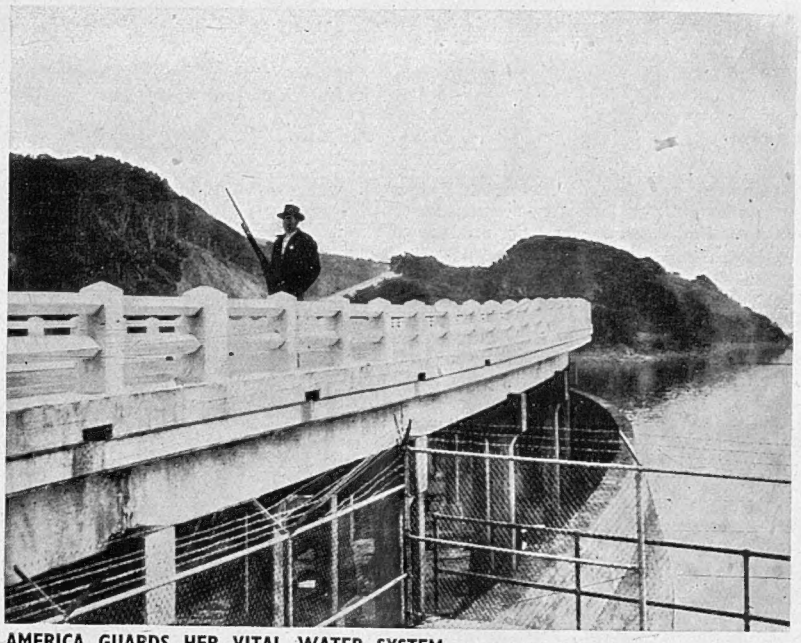


LOS ANGELES EXPERIENCES A REAL BLACK-OUT after its first raid alarm of the war

This picture arrived in England by air mail. It shows how Los Angeles received its first air-raid alert, when the whole of the Californian city was blacked-out for three hours, unidentified planes having been reported as being overhead. On the left, the street lights still blaze at the start of the alert, although lights in intersecting streets have gone out. Twenty minutes later (on right) only a few isola lights remain as the black-out gradually became complete. The wh of the Californian coast is preparing in real earnest for war conditi and the black-out problem is being vigorously tackled by the defe authorities



PATROLLING THE U.S.-CANADA BRIDGE AT DETROIT after America had entered the war : An American soldier in winter uniform and a Canadian infantryman in battle-dress patrol the territory of their respective countries. The Ambassador Bridge connects Windsor, Ontario, with Detroit. In its centre, a plaque marks the actual boundary. Behind is the city of Detroit



AMERICA GUARDS HER VITAL WATER SYSTEM : The outbreak of war meant the immediate guarding of America's vital water system. Here is a civilian guard on duty on a highway bridge across a Crystal Springs Lakes dam in San Mateo County, California

THE DAY AFTER AMERICA'S ENTRY : Crowds of New Yorkers follow the latest reports on the bulletin boards at the Times Building

A JAPANESE SMALL-ARMS STORE IN CALIFORNIA IS CLOSED AND GUARDED : This Japanese small-arms and boat-hardware store on Terminal Island, San Pedro, California (on which is located a large Japanese community) was closed by the U.S. Customs Service on December 8. A soldier and an officer of the Customs Service were detailed to guard the establishment. At the same moment, in Washington, Secretary Morgenthau was announcing the seizure of all Japanese banks and business enterprises throughout the United States and its dependencies

PEOPLE IN TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK, crowd around the news-stands for latest reports on the war

AMERICA LISTENS TO THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH : Crowds around radio-equipped taxicabs in New York as the President broadcast to the people of the United States

DURING NEW YORK'S FIRST AIR RAID ALARM : Citizens and officials gather on the steps of the City Hall after the first alarm had been given in the Metropolitan area on Dec. 9

SOME TYPES TO WELCOME IN 1942

Who are the Men Who are Going to Lead the Allied Nations During the Coming Months of Liaison and Co-ordination ?—An Appraisal of the Types of Leaders We Now Need

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IN terms of the human factor, each year of war provides its new arrivals, some thrust upon it, others ardently desired. At this juncture of the last war, after twenty-eight months, we were lucky to get our principal artisan of victory, Mr. Lloyd George, who, all through the dangerous year that followed, 1917, year of the loss of Russia, of the U-boat peril at its highest, of the French mutinies, of Caporetto and of Passchendaele, conducting to Ludendorff's all-out thrust, worked tirelessly towards one goal.

It took Mr. Lloyd George from December 1916 to April 1918 to bring about the unified command under Foch. How long is it going to take us to encompass the necessary parallel in more complicated circumstances in this war ? No question of an imitation of Foch, who commanded great Allied land forces from a point on the Continent. If that were indicated, one of the Russian marshals would at present be most qualified. Yet Foch embodied something reaching round the world from Compiègne, a pooling under authority of war-waging plans, and that is what one would first and foremost like to see reappear in 1942.

There is room not for one man now, but for two or three men who can quickly gain contact with one another, super-liaison officers who will eradicate once and for all the risk and inadequacy of World War planning by long-distance telephone. Last time it was a tale of two cities, physically speaking, of London and Paris. London still looks the reachable spot, but wherever it is, Washington, Moscow, and London need a fixed strategy and supply headquarters with dependents further afield.

Special welcome will be reserved for American subordinate leaders as these come into action through the great shock the nation has received. The very extent of this shock should bring them more quickly to the surface and to the side of Roosevelt, where others plodded long, seeking the types of men to win wars for them. In America's case, an intricate balance requires to be kept in regard to what to do, and how much and where and when, so that the country's top-notch brains and character close to the helm are an imperative necessity. We should be wiser on this score in a few weeks time ; meanwhile Willkie of the big vision, with 22,000,000 votes behind him in America, and as many in Europe, seems a man for 1942.

A friend of Sir Stafford Cripps tells me our Moscow envoy is no organiser, which is necessary at Washington. Well, as far as we know, there have been no complaints about Sir Stafford's organising in Russia. Cripps faces the future and speaks from the shoulder, and Americans respond to that kind. He could, for example, make this Charter business live, since nobody has yet seen fit to shake it to life from generalities.

Here is somebody wanted for the current year : somebody with the Charter Voice. Some hazy Atlantic vows are all we have yet offered to hundreds of millions for whose present condition the big democracies bear a distinct responsibility. How happy would lots of these countries be if bigger fry didn't periodically involve the planet in disaster over questions of colonies, wealth and possessions ! I trust this wishing to hear voices is not a bad sign, but there is a second I should like to hear, and that is an American Voice from Europe pumping into the German people just where Hitler has led them. Every prisoner I examined in ultimate 1917-18 was sure about one thing : *die verdammte Amerikaner*. And when, on August 8, 1922, Ludendorff bellowed long at me in his Munich villa, his was the same frustration-fierceness towards America that Hitler recently showed. Put Americans into war against Germans, and Germans sag. What Japan has done may modify things, but hardly deep down.

It is no doubt beyond us to develop a balanced Weekly Spokesman, yet how welcome he would be. For the whole Empire too. Taking the war forward week by week in a lucid, summing-up manner. Counteracting this fits-and-starts mentality, one day up, the next down. And counteracting also the easy and astonishing optimism of some of our commanders. Did we take the enemy more seriously in the last war ? Maybe we did, for by the beginning of 1917 we had lost over half-a-million dead compared with a fifth of that aggregate to-day. There is a surfeit of the whoopie mentality abroad, too much inane grinning-to-order with thumbs up, and carrying on (particularly by the "comics"), as if those fighting us are so many poor freaks who can be mopped up as easily as winking when we deign to get on to them.

There is good ground for believing that if Hitler (guided by "intuition") intends to try invasion ever, then he will do so this year. A personal opinion is that he may at least try punishment raids on a large scale, and by that I mean pushing over here in order to bust up the works locally and spread havoc and terror with a view to attracting the people of Britain towards the notion of peace by negotiation. One's hope is that the men selected to cope with invasion or raids will not need to be replaced in the thick of any business that might befall. And this goes also for the Regional Commissioners upon the isolated functioning of whose organisations so much could hang. *Confusion* is the enemy, and Hitler's potential best friend.

Some say man and woman power is our main domestic task for 1942. Others point to organisation. There is room for a strong, listened-to voice—decidedly this is becoming a Joan of Arc affair—which would confine to Hades bureaucratic rule by committee. My experience is that the people close round these committees feel the most strongly about them. Fifteen months ago one such person sent me a *cri de cœur* from Whitehall and the same heart-cries still go unheeded. Those of a certain age recall the raucous yells for man-power emitted by Blimps ("Dug-outs") of another day, a demand swollen and exaggerated by the need to cover up unimaginative and slothful wastage on the battlefield and off it. Cut down rule by committee and there will be more results and correspondingly less need to squeeze man-power even off the vegetable patch.

Is somebody even now struggling to ease forward an idea worthy to take its place alongside the "landship" of the last war ? So far invention seems to have been restricted to making 1914-18 instruments more terrifying or more effective ; that is, if you accept the view that the Japanese two-man submarine is not a new weapon. And *à propos*, Japan is an island Empire. Its air force is split into a naval and an army branch. Is this the proper solution ? Both our chief fighting allies think so. Allowance made for our being so close to our main enemy, calling for a special form of air power, it cannot be too late to take steps where alteration is most clearly designated.

A War Cabinet job. This august body includes several party passengers, but the Premier thinks its present constitution gives the best results to Britain. Others would welcome a re-picked War Control of five or six members without departmental burdens. In fact, do we heed sufficiently what worked last time ?

Men are wanted high up in the Services to challenge traditionalism by spreading out the air arm so that it shall strike most efficaciously with other arms and protect these. That puts me in mind of a "find" who rose in 1917. It is time we had the good fortune to come by another Allenby (he would have clamoured for utter air-cum-tank blending under his command). It looked as if Allenby's mantle had fallen upon Wavell until a faulty over-confidence somewhere or other intervened. The chopping and changing among our generals has been disconcerting, but an outstanding British tank commander—is he on the way ? If so, 1942 is all his.

If the makings of a French Lawrence should lurk in North Africa, what a field is offered him to weld Arab and Berber and Moor in readiness to rise against the sheer negation of Islam that any doctrine based on racial superiority must always be.

The arrival here of General Audic, who was once Vichy's choice for aerial command in North Africa, prompts one to wonder if other secessions from the Pétain barque are likely. From France itself this would be next to impossible, so closely watched is every notable by Darlan's new State Police. But should French Africa become involved in hostilities with America, de Gaulle may stand to win valuable recruits. The most welcome would be a French sailor with a piece of the fleet, but that is unlikely as long as Hitler has not delivered his stroke against Admiral Cunningham, as deliver one he must, if only to fulfil obligations to Japan.

MAYOR LA GUARDIA PUTS NEW YORK CITY ON A WAR FOOTING

This picture was taken as Mr. La Guardia made a radio address to the citizens of New York, putting them all on a full war rating and ordering widespread plans for protection against air attack and sabotage. Seated behind the table with the Mayor are : (left to right) Chief Inspector Louis F. Costuma, of the New York Police Department ; Commissioner Patrick Walsh, of the Fire Department ; Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine, of the Police Department ; the Mayor ; and Dock Commissioner John McKenzie

We cannot hope for another rarity like Hess, although this is such an unpredictable war that if a real live Quisling were to perch on the doorstep of No. 10, it would be no more than a two-days wonder. Of greater use to us is the way of a young Colette. And of those underground leaders already organising for the day to come. Underground resistance "kings" to-day, leaders on a liberated Continent to-morrow. Salute to such ones in 1942.

A strange remark was made the other day in connection with our young women. "If we only had another Nurse Cavell to show them the way." But did Nurse Cavell rally the women of Britain to a sense of their responsibilities ? Further argument ran in this style : that the women of 1914-18 were less spoilt and had not had their heads turned by votes and easy jobs and Hollywood glorification of their species, this last apt to mould selfish dolls with a shallow smartness of "knowledge." Well, well !

Nevertheless, one would like some woman of stature—a Lady Bonham Carter—to step forward and talk to her juniors. There is room for that ; instead of the Nancy Astors jabbering about wet canteens. There is room, indeed, for someone to step forward and put the Puritan cranks and killjoys in their place. Ignobly profiting by war's restrictions and limitations, these people and their tools would clamp a maximum of repression and boredom on the country.

The fact dawns : this has been a rash article. So many of us want such widely differing types these days. As an example, a powerful newspaper group has been airing the demand for Virile Church Leadership, and this is the Rev. Dr. Macassey demanding it. "The Church's need is for men who will preach the Gospel with an implacable fury, comparable with that which first 'turned the world upside down.'" One person has had enough of the world upside down, and would welcome somebody preaching a Voltairean tolerance, humanity and respect for human reason.

THE PURSUIT OF GENERAL ROMMEL

Latest Official Photographs from the Western Desert

Pictures of the British Commanders at the Various Scenes of Operations

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT ADVANCED HEADQUARTERS : General Sir Claude Auchinleck, Air Vice-Marshal Coningham, Lieut.-General N. M. Ritchie (the new Commander of the Eighth Army), and senior Army and Air Force officers

LIEUT.-GENERAL N. M. RITCHIE, who took over command of the Eighth Army in Libya from Lieut.-General Sir Alan Cunningham. General Ritchie was promoted a few days after his assumption of the command

THE AIR OFFICER COMMANDING THE WESTERN DESERT AIR FORCES (Air Vice-Marshal Coningham), with his senior officers at an advanced desert base during operations in Libya

THE GENERAL (on left) COMMANDING THE INDIAN DIVISION, which captured the Omars, watching the battle. The Commander of the Indians who made the attack is next to the General

JUST BEFORE ZERO HOUR : The Brigadier in command of the British tank units in Tobruk instructing his tank commanders on the coming operations. He is using a sand table for the purposes of his demonstration and to explain the local topography

—AND HERE ARE TWO ENEMY COMMANDERS! Worry is evident in the expressions of these two Italians as they stand at a desert post in Sollum, now left high and dry by the retreat of Rommel. Colonel Rossi is on the right ; on the left is Major Parente, in charge of the post. Parente's hands are eloquently demanding, "What do we do now?"

THE PURSUIT OF GENERAL ROMMEL *(continued)*

SIDI OMAR: British troops searching the trenches after the enemy had been routed on the Egyptian frontier

LIBYAN OMAR: An Indian soldier, a Punjabi, sleeping at the side of a captured enemy post, in which is a trench-mortar and boxes of ammunition

LIBYAN OMAR: Indians bring in a wounded German officer. He is being interrogated by a British officer

LIBYAN OMAR: A British officer examining the shells of a long-range German naval gun captured at Libyan Omar, which fell after the terrific battle which followed the previous capture of Sidi Omar by British and Indian troops

LIBYAN OMAR: Captured enemy material collected after the battle. The two Omars—Libyan and Sidi—are strongly fortified posts, constructed by the Italians and formerly held by them, on the Egyptian frontier

JALO: A picture taken after our occupation of the desert oasis: In the first days of the offensive, whilst the Eighth Army was battling around Sidi Rezegh, another force of British troops was advancing swiftly far to the south. Jalo and Augila, twin desert oases, were captured and occupied with but little resistance. This picture shows the Headquarters of the Italians—the white building on the left

THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRISONERS IN CAIRO

TOBRUK : Polish Military Police guard German prisoners of war in the P.O.W. cage at Tobruk. These men were all captured during the fighting in the desert and brought in to the Fortress

TOBRUK : Wounded being taken aboard the Italian hospital ship "Ramb IV," captured from the enemy, which is doing valuable work in evacuating the men from Tobruk

CAIRO : German soldiers of the North Afrika Corps marching out of the station yard

A large crowd gathered at the Cairo main station to witness the arrival (in a special train) of hundreds of German and Italian prisoners captured in the present Libyan campaign. These prisoners were marched through the city of the Caliphs to the Citadel, built by Saladin in the eleventh century. They were escorted by Scottish troops and Egyptian Mounted Police : many of them carried suit-cases, rolled blankets, or hastily-tied parcels. As they marched through the streets of Cairo the pavements were lined by thousands of Egyptian spectators

DESPONDENT NAZI PRISONERS in course of transit from the Western Desert battle-front. They were loaded into lorries by the gross

CAIRO : At the main railway station : German and Italian prisoners being marched out on their way to the Citadel for internment

CAIRO : Nearing the massive walls of the Citadel, built by Saladin, showing the landmark of the Mohammed Ali Mosque above, and the Mosque of Sultan Hassan (right)

THE TWO SCHOOLS OF DESIGN IN TANKS : A diagram which contrasts the slower-aimed shot of the heavier German shell against the rapid but lighter shell of the British. The drawing also compares the big British bogies for greater speed with the smaller bogies of the Germans for climbing ability—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

TANK DESIGN AND WHAT IT MEANS

The Lessons of the Fighting in Libya

By J. EDMUNDSON

IT is a far cry from the great monsters of ante-diluvian appearance which lumbered across the Somme in 1916 or which struck terror in the hearts of the Germans at the battle of Cambrai in 1917 to the rapid war-machines which are racing about the Western Desert to-day.

Far-seeing as were the sponsors of that cumbersome two-mile-per-hour "landship" (chief of whom was our present Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill), it is extremely doubtful if even they foresaw the many and varied types which would ultimately be evolved.

The tank battles of Libya will lead to further evolution and it may well be that the most modern tank of December 1941 will be hopelessly out of date by midsummer 1942.

It must be remembered that any clash between armoured fighting vehicles is only one phase of a complete battle. There must first be reconnaissance, and finally consolidation of any ground taken, by means of infantry.

This three-stage contest has led, therefore, to three distinct types of tanks : light, medium and heavy, or infantry.

There is yet a fourth type which was built by the French for highly specialised work, the colossal machine which was designed for assault on the fortifications of the Siegfried Line. It weighed 74 tons and carried one 15·5-centimetre howitzer, two 75-millimetre and nine machine guns.

In designing light tanks used for reconnaissance, the main factor to be considered is that of speed. In order to achieve this, armour and armament have necessarily to be reduced to a minimum, but nevertheless they still have considerable striking power, and can be used with good effect in harassing the enemy lines of communication.

Tanks of American design used recently in North Africa are said to be capable of 70 miles per hour on good-surfaced roads and 35 miles per hour across country. For armament they have a 37-millimetre cannon and five machine-guns.

The Americans seem to have concentrated on the development of speed.

It will be noticed that different types of tanks have different-sized bogie wheels. There are no fixed rules about this, much depending on the individual peculiarities of construction, but speaking very generally, large bogies are used for speed and small bogies when climbing power is the main consideration.

In the construction of the medium tank more things than speed alone have to be considered. The function of this machine is primarily to destroy enemy vehicles of the same type. Hence a balance must be struck between armament, armour and mobility in action.

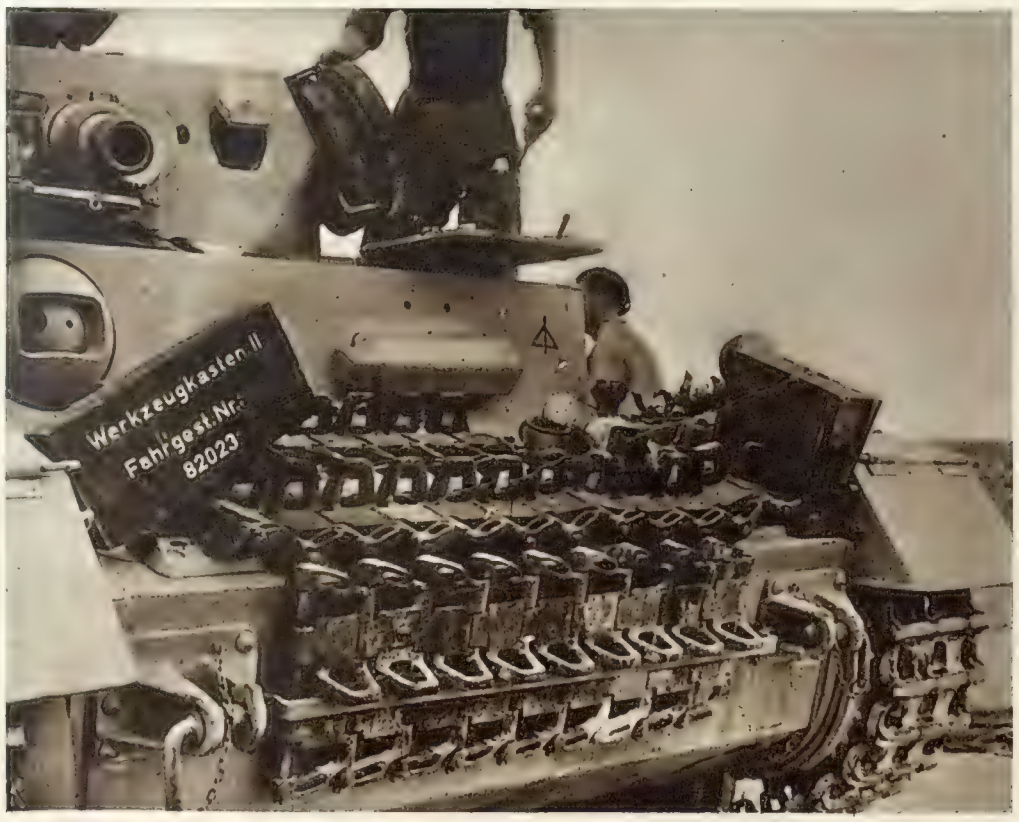
The armour must be sufficiently strong to afford protection from enemy projectiles, and the weight must be such that a more stable firing platform is provided. On the other hand, such an increase may lead to a dangerous loss of speed.

Furthermore, if relatively large-calibre guns are carried there is a further corresponding increase in weight due to heavier mountings.

There are conflicting schools of thought on these matters, but more concrete evidence on their relative values may be forthcoming in the very near future as a result of the Libyan campaign. There an interesting experiment is taking place. Comparatively light British tanks, mainly of American design, possessing ample but small-calibre armament, have been matched against the heavier, slower, but more strongly armed German ones. Whether a long, small-calibre gun, firing a two-pound shell at a higher rate of fire, is more effective than a short, large-calibre one, firing a six-pound projectile less frequently, will also probably be decided.

The British two-pounder relies not so much upon one shell to achieve results as upon a quick succession of these, while the enemy hope to achieve the same effect with one well-aimed shot.

It has been mentioned that the armour of these medium tanks must be made stronger than that of the light tanks. This is done, but at only what are considered the more vulnerable spots : the front, turret and sides.



HOW SPARE TRACKS FOR THE GERMAN TANKS ARE CARRIED : An interesting detail from a captured enemy tank in the desert. The spare tracks and links are carried in special racks in front of the vehicle, where they also serve as protection for the front end

The German PZ.KW3 and PZ.KW4 types have armour-plating varying from 30 to 60 millimetres thick at these places. That the British tanks are equally well protected was admirably demonstrated during the Battle of France, when one was hit twenty-five times by fire from anti-tank rifles without suffering any ill-effect. Our new Valentines, Crusaders and Covenanters are equally well protected.

It will be noticed in the latest types of tank that wherever possible the armour-plating is placed at an angle and is rarely vertical. This gives additional protection, particularly from anti-tank rifles, as the only really effective projectiles

GERMAN : The PZ.KW3 type, with revolving turret and with armour-plating varying from 30 to 60 mm. thick at the front, sides and over the turret

AMERICAN : A tank of U.S. design which bore the brunt of heavy fighting in British hands. These are reported to be capable of 70 m.p.h. on good-surfaced roads and 35 m.p.h. across more broken country

are those which strike the armour at an angle of less than 30 degrees to the normal.

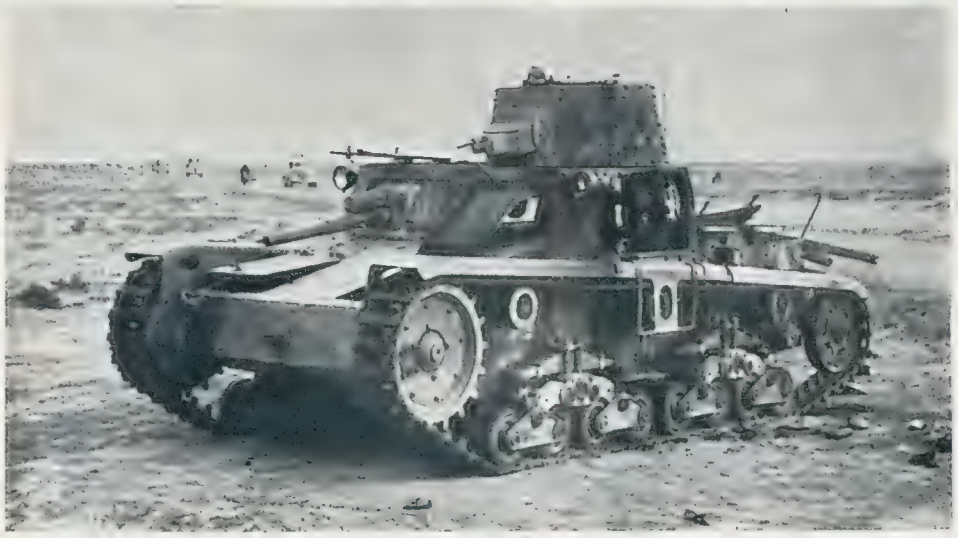
The third factor, that of mobility, includes not only that of the vehicle as a whole, but also of the turret. In most British and enemy tanks the main offensive weapon is carried in the turret, which can revolve through the whole 360 degrees in from five to twenty-five seconds. This is generally achieved by hydraulic action, though there is nearly always a secondary hand-operated unit. A notable exception to this is to be found in the Italian medium tank, which has its largest weapon installed in the main structure. This means that in action the whole tank must be turned to face an enemy vehicle before this gun can be used; a great disadvantage when opposed by highly mobile tanks possessing also rapidly manœuvrable turrets.

In the infantry or heavy tank, speed is of far less importance than armour and armament. When the main tank battle has died down, these heavy vehicles rumble forward against the main defensive positions of the enemy. They are closely followed by the infantry, and their speed must be slow enough, not only to allow the men to keep pace with them, but also to enable them to see any of the enemy who may have dug themselves in. With heavy cannon and machine-gun fire they endeavour to eliminate these pockets of resistance.

British infantry tanks carry a gun capable of dealing with ground and tank opposition, as well as other smaller armament. One type of German vehicle has a 75-millimetre or 105-millimetre gun set outside the turret; one smaller gun and three light machine-guns; and has a crew of eight men.

It is obvious that a large, slow-moving tank will afford a relatively easy target for the enemy, hence every vulnerable part of the vehicle is given extra thickness of armour-plating. Most of the British and German types have protection for the bogies.

So far, nothing has been said about the influence of the crew upon tank design.



ITALIAN : A tank knocked out near Tobruk. With this type the whole tank has to be aimed at the target, and it has only a small turret

In a prolonged tank battle or operation, a crew comfortably housed, having efficient ventilation, being not too cramped and possessing well-placed positions for the driver and gunners is going to have great advantages over others not so fortunate.

A tank without a crew is useless, so that whatever new modifications are made in design, one may be certain that the requirements and comfort of the men who man them will be the first to occupy the attention of the designers and engineers.

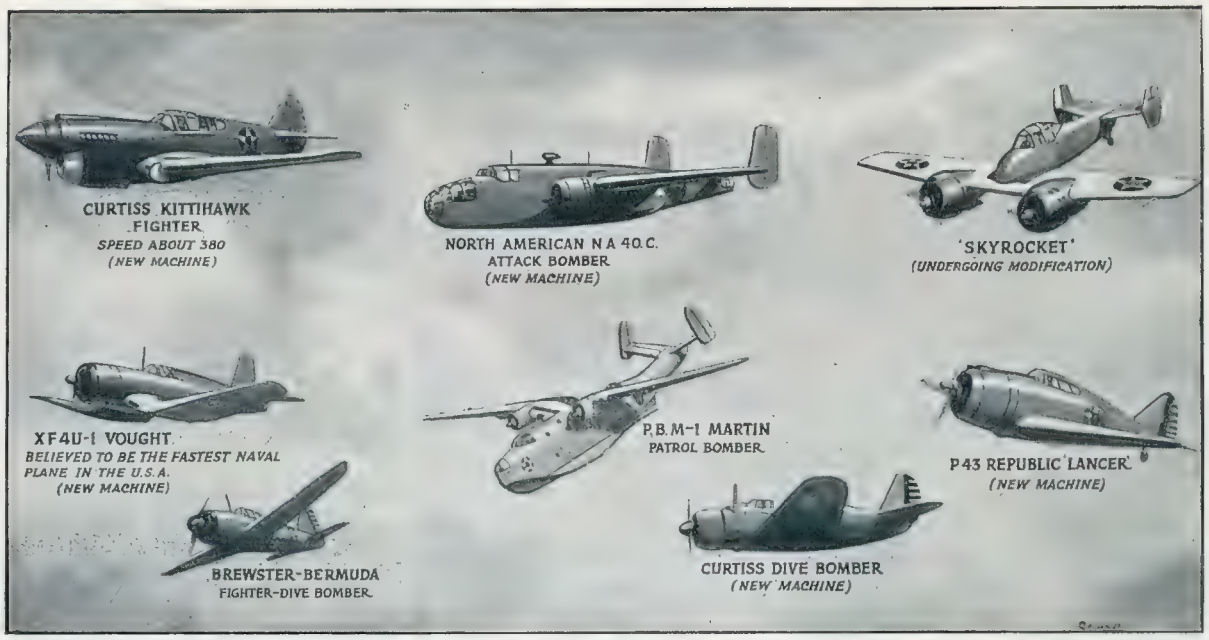
AFTER THE TANK HAS BEEN KNOCKED OUT : This is a German tank, but the uniform—and attitude—suggests that the surrendering member of the crew is Italian. The sentry is an Indian

BOXING THE COMPASS OF A BRITISH "I" TANK : Much of the navigation of tanks in the trackless desert wastes has been done by compass, which must, therefore, be accurate

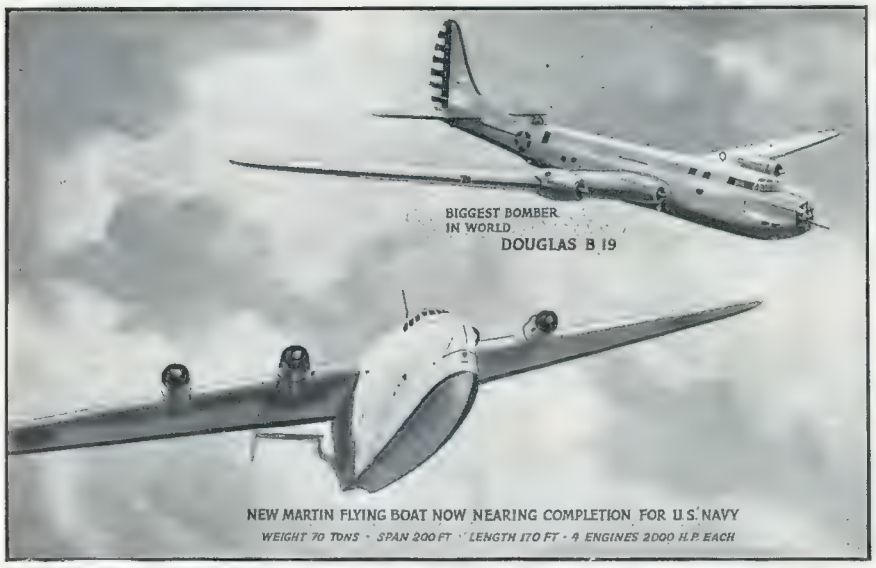
NEW TYPES OF U.S. AIRCRAFT

—A Series of Special Sphere Drawings

We have already become familiar with a number—a great number—of American-built aircraft: many types have been in service with the R.A.F. for a long time. But the United States Air Force still possess certain aircraft new to English eyes: some of these are indicated in the drawings by Mr. Roland Davies reproduced on this page. The Sky-rocket, for instance, and the XF4U-I, fastest naval plane in the U.S.A., are entirely new, both in appearance and performance. Undoubtedly, aircraft design and construction in America will now receive a tremendous impetus, owing to the manner and vigour of the Japanese onslaught on our Allies

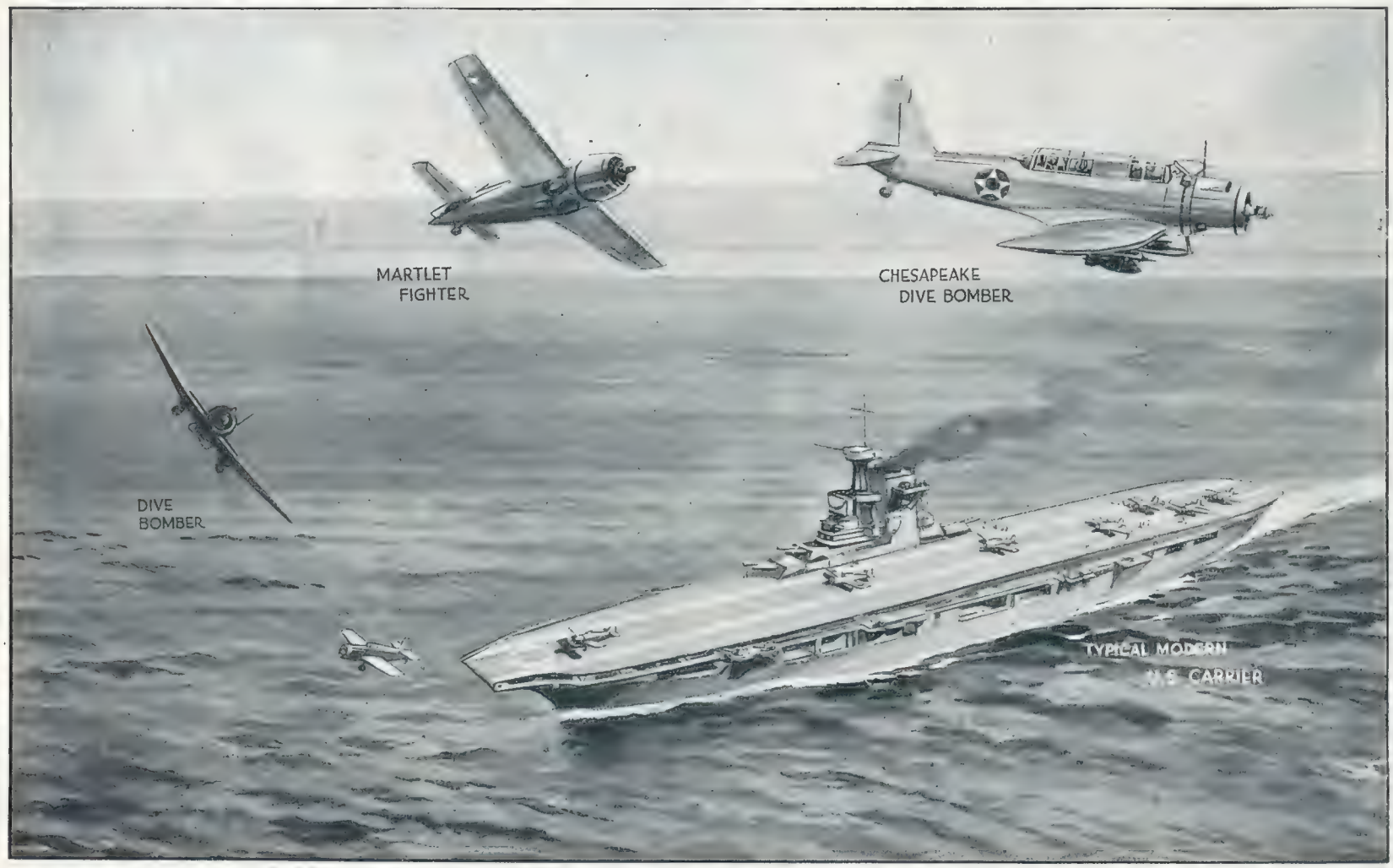


FIGHTERS AND BOMBERS OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE: Most of these machines have not yet been seen in this country. Some of them are reported to be very good indeed—*Drawing by Roland Davies*



THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BOMBER, the Douglas B 19; and the new Martin flying-boat now being built for the United States Navy—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

THE FLYING WING ACTUALLY IN THE AIR: On November 15 we published a drawing of the new tailless aircraft built by the Northrop Aircraft Company, of California. Here is the aircraft actually in flight—over the Mojave Desert. This newest of American planes eliminates all external control surfaces and a top speed of around 400 m.p.h. is anticipated. The tricycle type undercarriage retracts, but the rear wheel is non-retractable. There are two pusher airscrews; and the pilot's cabin can just be glimpsed above the wing



TYPES OF AIRCRAFT USED BY THE U.S. NAVY, all of which are flown from the decks of aircraft-carriers at sea—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

In view of the type of warfare anticipated by the Americans, it is not unnatural that they should be strong in ship-based designs of aircraft. They are, in fact, the originators and pioneers of the dive-bomber, a type they had perfected long before the Germans began to imitate them. The naval branch of the Air Force has always been strong, well trained and well equipped with some of the latest and best types of aircraft for operations at sea: typical examples of dive-bombers and fighters for work over the ocean are indicated in the above drawing. Strong as they are in aircraft, the U.S. Navy is equally strong in aircraft-carriers. She has a great fleet of these, and others are building. In some of them aircraft are not only flown off the huge flight-deck, but are also catapulted from the hangar-deck below, thus increasing the number that can be put into the air at short notice

THE DESTROYER OF TO-DAY : A 1939 example of the Javelin class, showing the modern characteristics of British vessels of this type—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

This drawing was first published in *The Sphere* in November of last year. These are the vessels whose task it is to protect the huge capital ships when the latter are in action. The Javelin class are, for the most part, of 1,690 tons and carry a complement of 183 : they have a length of 348 ft. and a beam of 35 ft. Their turbines develop 40,000 h.p., which gives them a speed of 36 knots. They are all armed with six 4·7-in. guns in three twin mountings, and six others, including multiple pom-poms ; ten 21-in. torpedo-tubes are also fitted. In this picture the destroyer is moving at top speed, engaging an enemy vessel with her forward guns and beating off aircraft with the after guns and the "Chicago Piano" (or pom-poms) just aft of the funnel. Note the high citadel-like bridge and the range-finder ; also the special screens to protect the lower guns from the blast of the upper ones. The graceful, out-reaching stem is so far confined to the Javelin and Tribal classes

DESTROYERS ARE ALWAYS BUSY

By FRANCIS McMURTRIE

NO type of warship has been worked harder during the present conflict than the destroyer, and none has suffered heavier casualties.

A destroyer's duties are multifarious. When the type was introduced in 1893, destroyers were intended as an antidote to torpedo-boats and were for a time known as "torpedo-boat destroyers." Owing to their superior sea-keeping qualities, they soon superseded the torpedo-boat for attack upon bigger ships with torpedoes, more especially by night. An illustration of this was the sinking of two Italian cruisers in the Mediterranean on December 13 by a division of four destroyers, three British and one Dutch.

Submarines have no more deadly enemy than the destroyer, whose high speed and extreme mobility enable her to rush at a submarine that is venturesome enough to break surface or even let her periscope be seen, ramming her before she can submerge and completing her destruction either by gunfire or by dropping depth-charges in a prescribed pattern that leaves the U-boat little chance of escaping damage by their detonation.

Until corvettes were available in large numbers, destroyers bore the brunt of the work of escorting convoys across the Atlantic. In the evacuation of troops from Dunkirk, Greece and Crete, destroyers played the leading part. In the first-named operation, no fewer than thirteen destroyers—six British and seven French—were sunk, while it has been stated officially that seventy were in need of repairs as a result of damage suffered on that occasion. Two were lost in the Greek withdrawal, and three times as many in the Cretan operations.

The DEFENCE of a CAPITAL SHIP

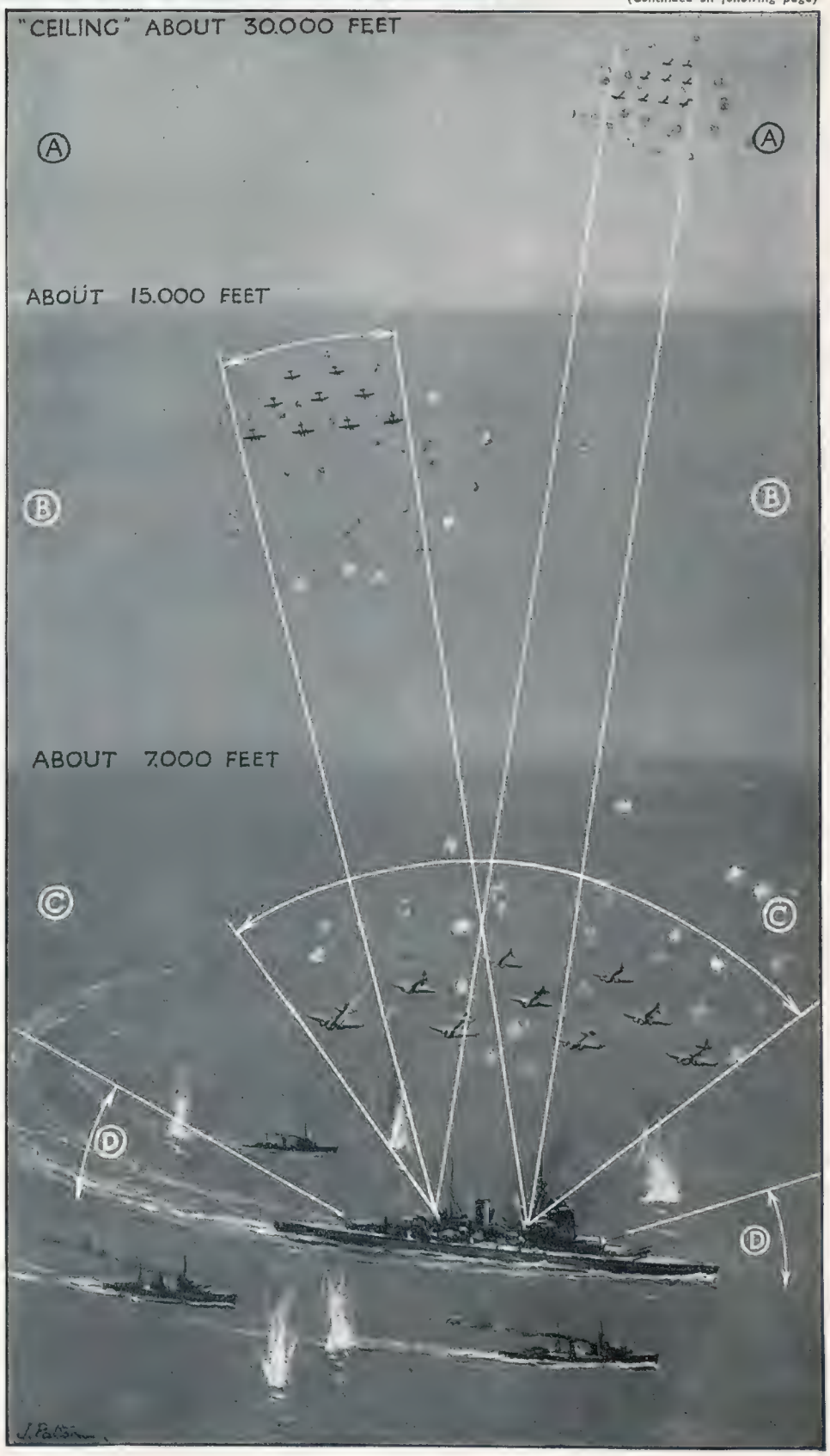
And the Part of the Destroyer Screen During Operations at Sea

—A SUBJECT NOW VERY MUCH UNDER DISCUSSION AS A RESULT OF THE LOSS OF "THE PRINCE OF WALES" AND "REPULSE"

Special Sphere Section, with Exclusive Drawings and Diagrams

Destroyers are so much bigger than they were in the '90's of last century—now ranging from 900 to 1,900 tons as compared with 240 to 360 tons in those days—that they have usurped some of the functions of other types. They undertake much of the scouting work that was formerly regarded as the cruiser's job.

(*Continued on following page*)



***On right*—A DIAGRAM TO ILLUSTRATE THE DEFENCE OF CAPITAL SHIPS AGAINST BOMB AND TORPEDO ATTACK**—*Drawing by J. Patton*

The zone A, from 15,000 ft. upwards, represents the high limit of the vessel's anti-aircraft fire, in which would be used guns from 6-in. to 8-in. The zone B, up to 15,000 ft., represents the limit of anti-aircraft fire from guns from 4-in. to 5-in. The zone C, from sea-level to 7,000 ft., represents the limit in which multiple pom-poms and machine-guns would be used against dive-bombers. The respective cones of fire on a similar formation of bombers in all three zones are indicated by the white lines, and it will be seen how the higher the target the more concentrated the gunfire can be. The relatively bigger area to be covered by the A.-A. guns when bombers dive below 7,000 ft. makes the training and handling of the guns a much more difficult task, and for this reason the multiple pom-pom is used to put up a "wall of flame"—literally. Once an aerial torpedo is actually launched, the protection of the ship largely depends on her "bulges" and her capability of taking avoiding action. For instance, if the torpedo is launched on a course which is calculated to meet that of the ship on the broadside and the latter observes the track in time and alters her course accordingly, the calculated point of impact is removed and, at the worst, the ship can turn sufficiently to present her bow or stern, thus offering a much smaller target. Meantime, the destroyer escort can, by use of their depth-charges, keep the enemy submarines at a safe distance

THE DEFENCE OF A CAPITAL SHIP *(cont.)*

(Cont. from preceding page)

A number of our older destroyers have been fitted for laying mines, while others have been rearmed with 4-in. guns on high-angle mountings to act as anti-aircraft escort vessels. Some have been equipped with high-speed minesweeping gear, though minesweeping is a task usually relegated to smaller and less expensive vessels, the cost of a destroyer of the largest type to-day being in the region of £500,000. Above all, destroyers with their high speed and manœuvrability have proved a wonderful training service for future admirals. Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham and Admiral Sir John Tovey, our successful Commanders-in-Chief in the Mediterranean and Home Fleets respectively, owe much of their ability to the experience gained as captains of destroyers, in which both served for many years.

In the last war the Grand Fleet never put to sea without an adequate screen of destroyers as a safeguard against submarine attack. Similar precautions have doubtless been exercised in this war, though the shortage of destroyers has been such that it may not always have been possible to do so. So far as can be gathered from published reports, there appear to have been no destroyers with H.M.S. *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* when they were attacked by Japanese aircraft on December 10. Had destroyers been present on that occasion, the enemy's task would undoubtedly have been rendered more difficult. Additional fire could have been brought to bear on the attacking aircraft from a number of angles, and they would therefore have suffered more heavily. Again, the destroyers could have produced a thick and extensive smoke screen.

THE BATTLE-CRUISER "REPULSE," OF 32,000 TONS, SUNK WITH THE "PRINCE OF WALES"

The object in reproducing this picture is to show the big area presented from above and in broadside to enemy torpedo-dropping aircraft and to dive-bombers. If it is possible partially to immobilise such a huge vessel (as happened with the *Prince of Wales*) her vulnerability to torpedo attack is greatly increased. *Repulse* dated back to the last war: she was begun on January 25, 1915, launched on January 8, 1916, and completed in August 1916. Her speed was 30 knots

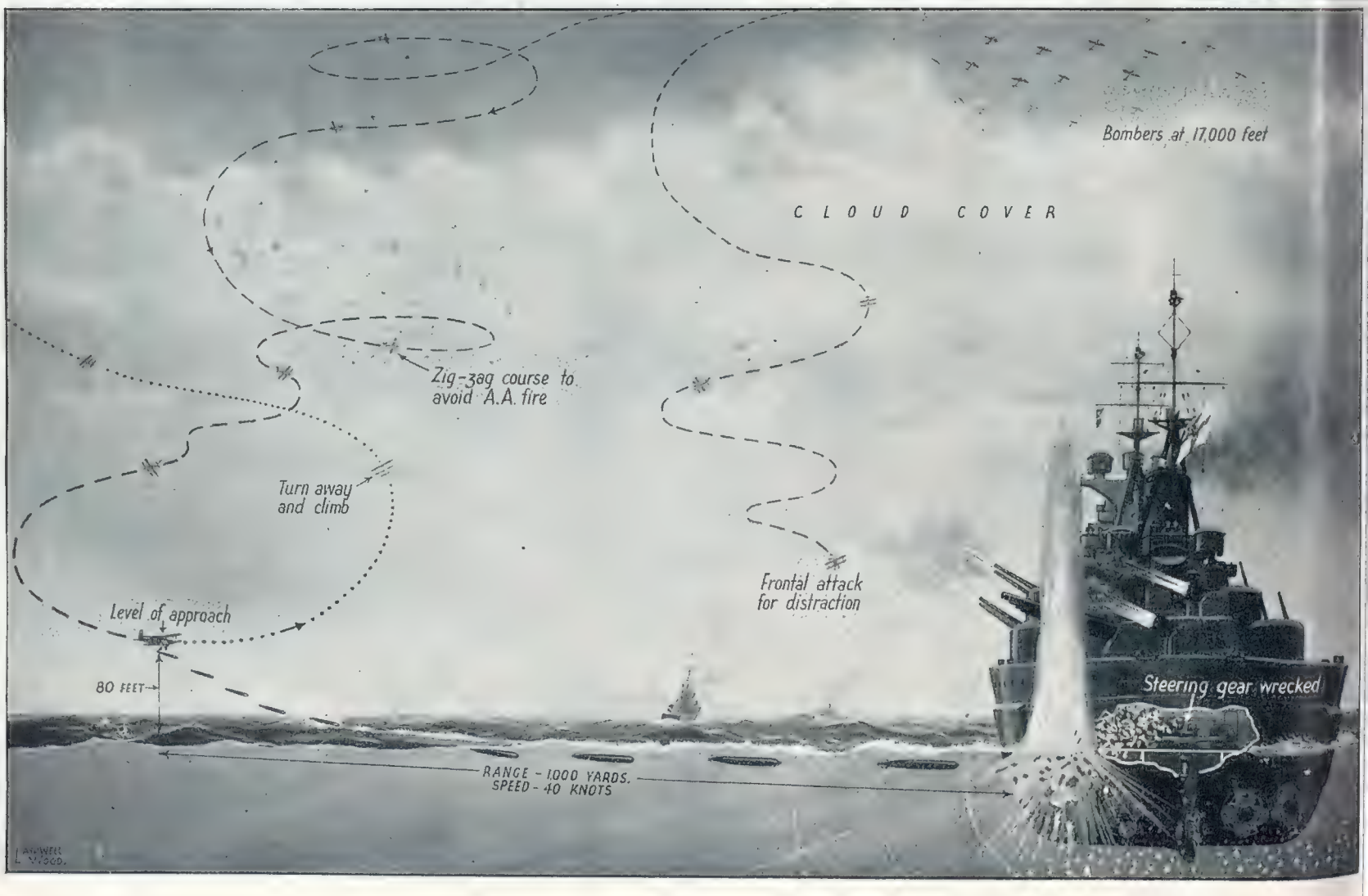
This is in no way intended as a criticism, since to criticise in the absence of full knowledge of the circumstances would be folly. The late Admiral Sir Tom Phillips had himself commanded destroyer flotillas and would have been the last man to take unnecessary risks.

Of 198 destroyers that were in service when war began, 52 have been lost. Reinforcements have been added in the form of new vessels completed, the total of which is not known, and 50 older ones transferred from the United States Navy; but one of the former and two of the latter have also been lost. This will give some idea of the extent to which destroyers have been in the forefront of the fighting.

Yet it will probably be found, when the struggle is ended, that no type of warship has done more damage to the enemy than the destroyer, the type which Kipling once extolled as "the choosers of the slain." Certainly the Italian Navy must by now be disposed to agree!

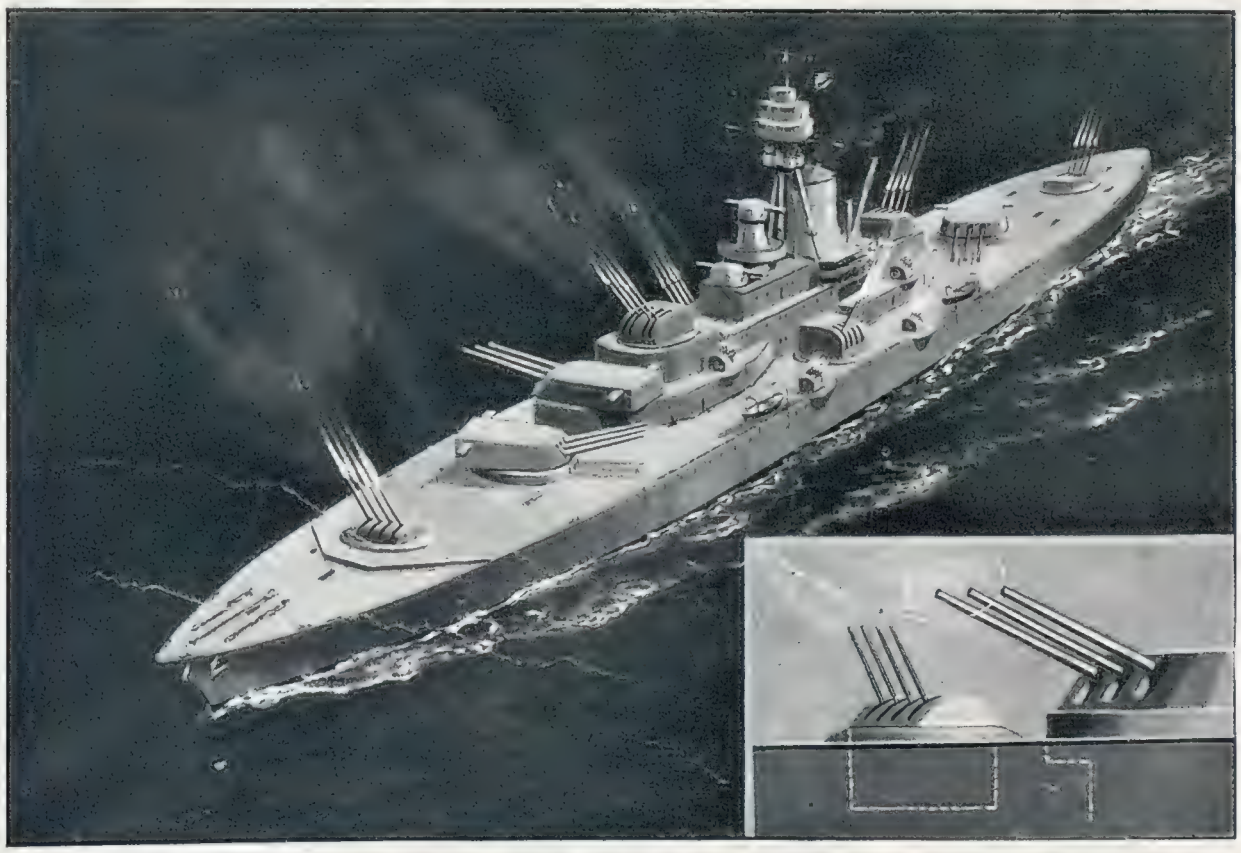
***Below*—HOW THE TORPEDO ATTACK WAS LAUNCHED AGAINST THE "PRINCE OF WALES" AND "REPULSE" BY THE JAPANESE**—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

The Japanese aircraft attacked the two British capital ships in three waves, with nine machines in each wave. The torpedo-planes have to zigzag on their downward course to avoid anti-aircraft fire; then, flattening out when low over the water, release their torpedoes in the path of the oncoming ship. The planes have to come down to about 80 ft. to prevent the torpedo from exploding on contact with the water. Careful timing is necessary so that contact is made when the ship arrives at the point aimed at. Many torpedoes missed, as was to be expected. In a double attack, whilst taking avoiding action against one, the ship must not place herself broadside on to the other. A lucky hit rendered the steering-gear useless in the *Prince of Wales*



THE TORPEDO AND BOMB ATTACK ON H.M.S. "PRINCE OF WALES": A drawing which shows the part the destroyers are expected to play as a screen for the capital ships. Without such screen, the large vessels are at a very grave disadvantage—*Drawing by L. Ashwell Wood*

During operations at sea the destroyers charged with the defence of the great battleships and battle-cruisers are expected to (1) beat off enemy submarines by dashing up to the spot where their presence is suspected and dropping depth-charges over the whole area; (2) throw up an additional anti-aircraft gun defence; (3) disconcert the aim of the enemy dive-bombers by crowding the sea; (4) throw off a smoke-screen behind which the capital ship can manœuvre; and generally do everything possible in protection. In the drawing by Mr. Ashwell Wood above, the representation of the attack on the *Prince of Wales* in the South China Sea has been reconstructed from information received. The *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* were sunk by repeated air attacks by bombs and by torpedo-dropping aircraft. There were two high-level attacks by aircraft flying at 17,000 ft. and three waves of torpedo attacks (nine aircraft in each wave). These attacks were delivered with determination and lasted over a period of three hours. One wave of torpedo aircraft can be seen on the left launching torpedoes in the path of the *Prince of Wales*. The attendant destroyer screen put up a terrific fire, as also did the battleship herself, and numerous Japanese planes were accounted for, some being shot to pieces in the sky. A rift in the clouds enabled the attack to be pressed home (as Mr. Winston Churchill said to the House of Commons); eventually, torpedoes found their mark on the stern of the *Prince of Wales*, causing her to slow down and stop; other torpedoes in the bow finished her off. Apparently, the thick belt of armour (which was a notable feature of her construction) was not penetrated, as far as can be ascertained from existing reports



HOW U.S. NAVAL DESIGNERS ARE ATTEMPTING TO OVERCOME BOMBING DANGERS: The special anti-aircraft turrets "countersunk" in the deck fore and aft for greater protection against aircraft—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

As recently as November 8, 1941, we published an enlarged version of this drawing in *The Sphere*, and suggested that it might give rise to a wardroom "cag" (or discussion) on the subject. Briefly, it shows a development of the U.S. Washington type, in which aircraft, catapult gear and the two conning-tower positions have been sacrificed for greater A.-A. gun power. In addition to the big-gun turrets, two "countersunk" and four other turrets have been installed with a very high angle of fire to beat off aircraft attacks. The inset drawing on the right shows how the "countersunk" turret would be mounted

THE DEFENCE OF A CAPITAL SHIP *(continued)*

THE SINKING OF THE "REPULSE": The scene as the huge battle-cruiser began to roll right over—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

Survivors of the *Repulse* have described how nineteen torpedoes were fired at the battle-cruiser—but she managed to avoid them all. It is doubtful whether any battleship has ever had so many torpedoes fired at it in such a short space of time. Later came a terrific dive-bombing attack, and the *Repulse* was soon in a bad way. "But she took a long time to sink. First she rolled slowly over, until she had completely turned turtle. Several of her men at the last were actually standing on her keel. Then, gradually, she slipped under water." As the huge hull turned over before sinking, men of her crew scrambled up to the upper edge of the deck as depicted above.

THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY

A Note on the Loss of British Capital Ships

By FRANK H. SHAW

THE *Hood* died suddenly in the heat of action: she was the finest battle-cruiser afloat. The *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales* were two of the Royal Navy's finest units: mangled and torn, they lie at the Pacific's bottom—lost to us for all time.

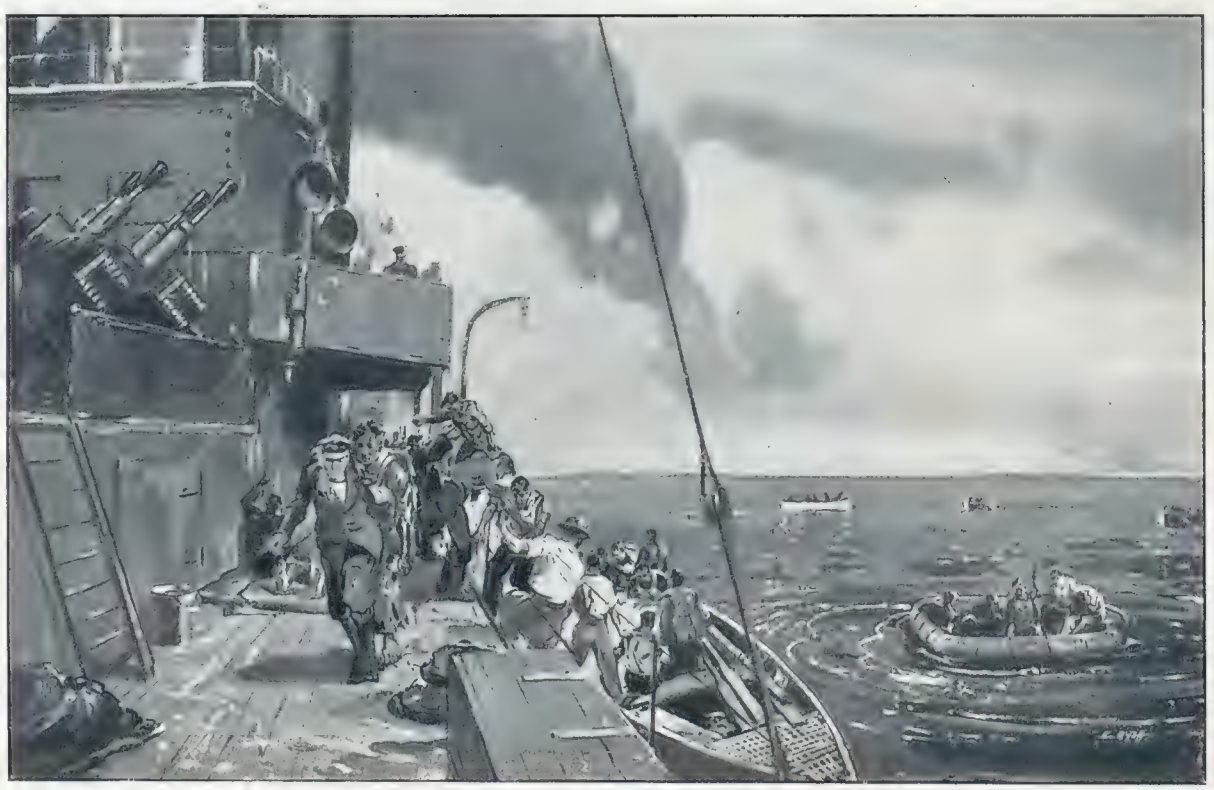
Even if we can spare major ships from the unending Battle of the Atlantic to bolster up our new weakness in the Pacific, several weeks must be lost before such replacements arrive at their battle-stations. Sinking the great British ships was, undoubtedly, part of the Japanese plan, just as the wrecking of America's strongest Pacific base was a part of the nefarious scheme.

The lost ships can be replaced; their gallant crews, highly trained specialists to a man—for the Big Ship Navy absorbs the real cream of the Service—cannot be restored. Blood, blood in rivers, is the price of Admiralty to-day.

The fact that *Repulse* was an old ship in no wise detracts from the magnitude of her loss; she was capable of fighting hard: she was a match for the best surface craft the Axis has afloat. Fast, powerful, she was an ideal craft for the sort of sea-war the new Pacific commitments demand. *Prince of Wales* was a baby in the Service; she was almost untried except for one brief contact with the fleeing *Bismarck* before that marauder ran into the Navy's cunning trap; but she embodied everything that was best and newest in ship construction: the hopes of the Empire rested in large measure on her graceful bulk.

We shuddered when we heard of the *Hood* being lost so dramatically. Never a heart in all the Empire but must have turned over when this latest disaster was announced; but—almost as the shudder came—it passed, to be replaced with that muscle-tightening so characteristic of our breed; shock was succeeded by further resolution. This outstanding tragedy reduces our big-ship preponderance considerably, possibly dangerously; but the fight off the River Plate proved that the size of the ship or the weight of the gun matters comparatively little as compared with the spirit of the human beings in the ships and behind the guns. Every man in the Royal Navy—and in the U.S. Navy, too—will set his teeth the more resolutely now: knowing that, added to a natural intention to win through is a cold determination for vengeance.

This loss affects every Briton: it is not just the business of the Navy. It is a challenge to our national grit: to every man and woman even remotely concerned with shipbuilding and its ancillary arts. It is a challenge to the humblest Wren: by quickening her exertions she will help to remedy the disaster. The ship-rivetter on Clyde or Tyne is required to work a little harder, with a little more zest; because these two almost invaluable units must be replaced. It is a challenge to every officer and man in the Royal Navy: to study to qualify worthily to replace the good men whose spilt blood has paid the price of Admiralty in full. Ships die, but the Flag of England flies free as the spirits pass.



AFTER THE "REPULSE" HAD SUNK the men had to face a new danger—that of oil!—*Drawing by E. Byatt*

When the men from the *Repulse* had to jump from the sinking battle-cruiser they found themselves in oil-covered waters. They were as black as niggers when rescued by the British destroyers. The oil was thick, not just a film; hundreds of tiny dark heads were bobbing up and down everywhere, as the destroyers came up. Here and there were dark clusters—men clinging to some float or raft: on one small float there was a solid block of sixty men standing bolt upright and crushed together!

A GIGANTIC BLACK-OUT PROBLEM

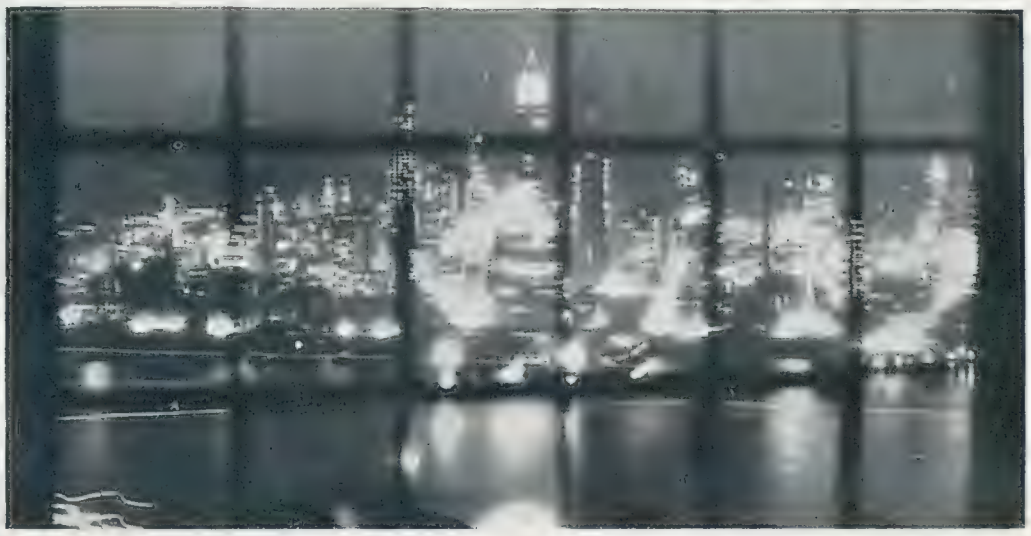
New York, the "City of Light," which Must Now Become a City of Darkness when the Alert Sounds

The Pictures reproduced here give some idea of the immensity of the task which the Black-out of New York City will involve

EVENING FALLS OVER GOTHAM: The jewelled splendour of New York City after dark, with every floor of every building brilliantly lit up, and in the midst of which rise the bright towers of Manhattan

This view was taken from a building in the heart of New York which rises sixty-six stories, at Pearl and Pine Streets, in the heart of the Financial District. In the upper left is the lighted Tower of the Woolworth Building; in the upper right corner flashes the huge candle of the Empire State Building, the world's tallest structure; the clearing in the centre of the picture is City Hall Park; the single string of lights in the upper left corner marks the Jersey Shore. All of these lights must now be obliterated in a "Black-out"

ONE OF NEW YORK'S LANDMARKS BY NIGHT: There are many scores of such gleaming towers, the sight of which would be a delight to the eyes of enemy bombers!

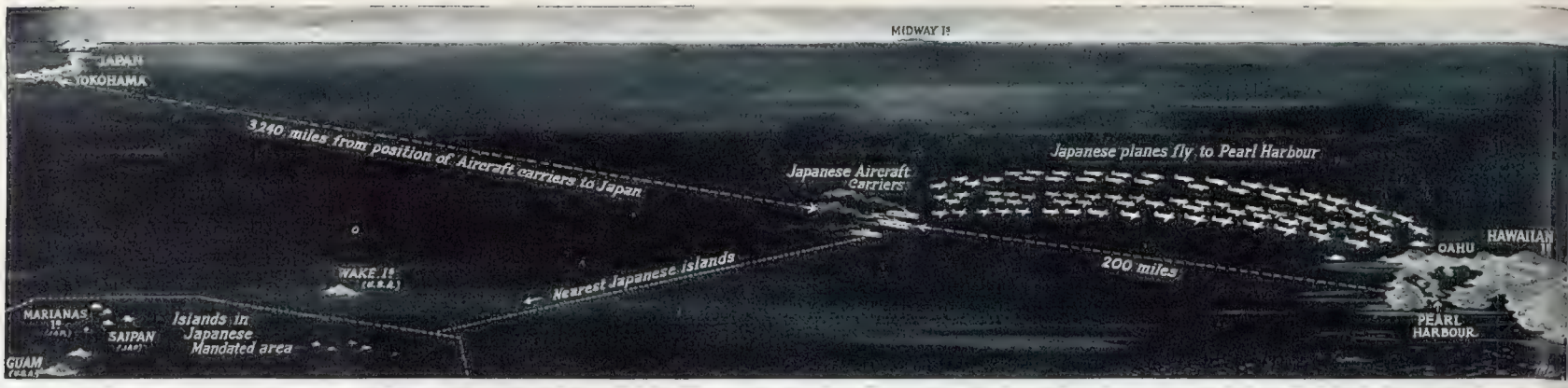


THE WORLD-FAMOUS "SKYLINE" OF NEW YORK, AS IT IS SEEN FROM ACROSS THE RIVER, and as it used to be lit up, traditionally, every Christmas-time

THE CAPITOL BUILDING AT WASHINGTON, electrically lit up for the benefit of visitors to the capital of the United States

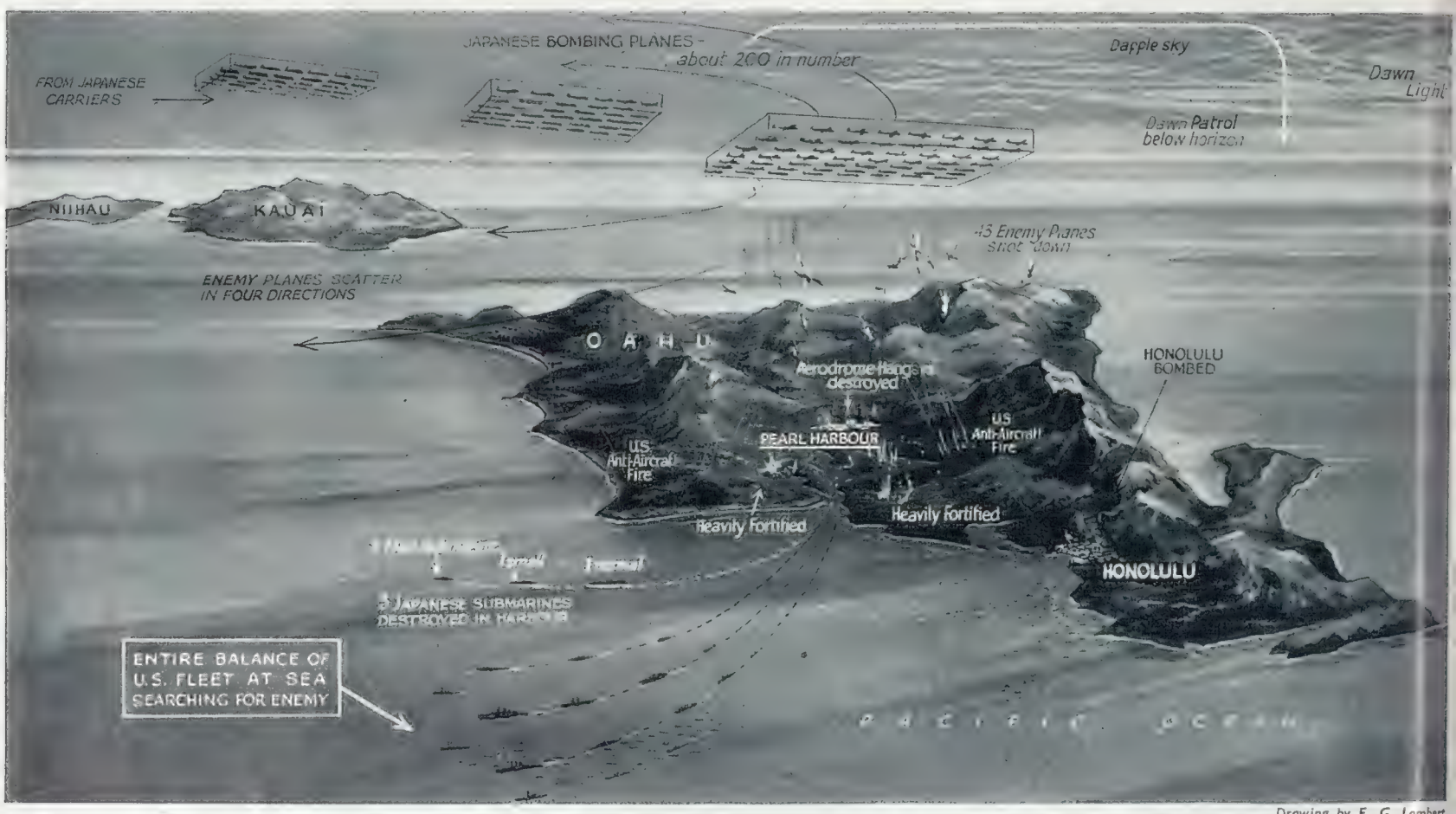
ONE OF MANHATTAN'S GLEAMING TOWERS: The Chanin Building, on 42nd Street and Lexington Avenue, by night

A BREATH-TAKING PANORAMA OF LIGHT WHICH WOULD READ LIKE A MAP TO ENEMY AIRMEN: This is New York in the crisp night air of winter. The view was taken from the lofty summit of the Empire State Building, and shows how the principal thoroughfares cut through the city in unmistakable manner. In the far upper right are the lights of Staten Island, ten miles away. In the upper left can be seen the lights of distant Brooklyn



HOW THE AIRCRAFT ATTACKS WERE LAUNCHED : There must have been three or four Japanese aircraft-carriers only about 200 miles from Hawaii—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

According to reports from Honolulu it is believed that some 200 Japanese aircraft participated in the first attacks on the United States. It was obvious that the enemy had placed his aircraft-carriers (with their attendant, and supporting, and protecting, vessels) at a strategic point off the Hawaiian Islands ready for the moment when the Declaration of War should be made. The Japanese Fleet must, therefore, have sailed some 3,240 miles from their base at Yokohama ; and must have reached a point some 200 miles off the Islands. By this means the attacking aircraft had an out-and-home journey of only 400 miles all told : from the size of the air fleets engaged, there must have been three—some experts say four—aircraft-carriers involved



Drawing by E. G. Lambert

OAHU ISLAND, on which Pearl Harbour and Honolulu are both situated, under attack by the Japanese on December 7

The first attack began at Pearl Harbour at 8.10 a.m., local time, and was carried out by a wave of bombing aircraft. Then came other waves, during the course of which warships in the harbour, dock installations and other buildings were repeatedly hit. At the same time, two-man submarines were also launched at the harbour : three of these were destroyed, and altogether over 40 aircraft were reported to be shot down. As the raiding aircraft left the Island they scattered in four directions, to confuse the anti-batteries on shore

ONE OF THE TWO-MAN MIDGET SUBMARINES launched by the Japanese against the warships in Pearl Harbour. Three of them were destroyed

THE NAVY'S SEARCHLIGHTS OVER HAWAII, from the U.S. Fleet anchored in Pearl Harbour

Principal base of the U.S. Navy in the Pacific, Pearl Harbour was a busy spot—with the gay city of Honolulu only a very few miles distant for relaxation. It was here that the great Fleet lay at anchor when Japan suddenly launched her attack. This picture was taken before the war during a searchlight display for the islanders ordered by the then C.-in-C. of the U.S. Navy, Admiral Claude C. Bloch

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SURVEYORS PLAY A LARGE PART IN THIS WORK: Here work is being done with a theodolite, levelling off the entrance to an underground hospital

MEN USING A WATER-PRESSURE DRILL: This cavern is half-a-mile in length and has been blasted out of the solid rock

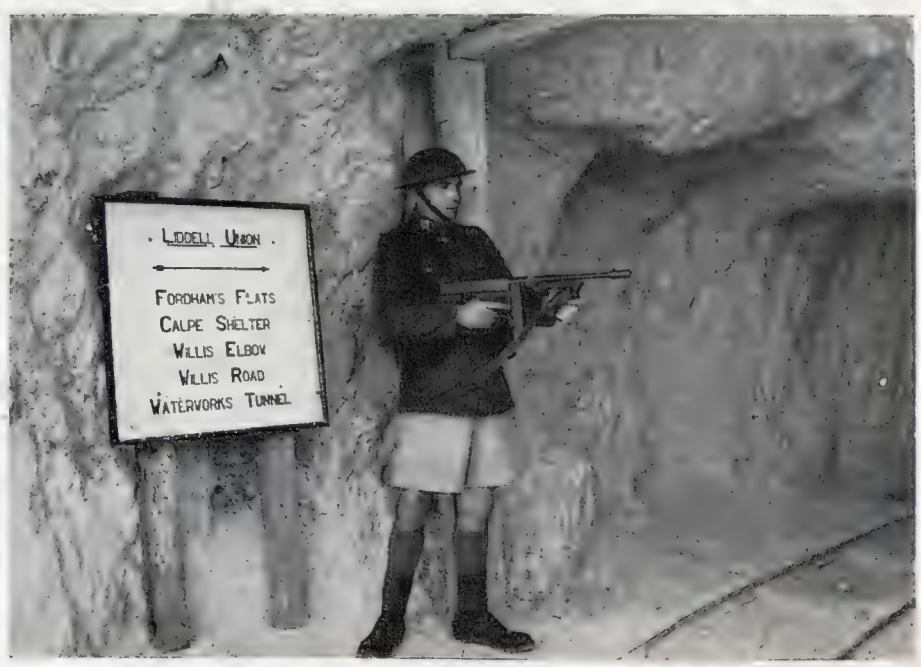
The tunnellers of the Royal Engineers went to Gibraltar after Dunkirk—in August 1940: they were followed in March 1941 by the Royal Canadian (Tunnellers) Engineers. The work now being done follows on that of the original tunneller in Gibraltar, Sergeant Ince, of the Corps of Sappers, 1788, who began the famous Gibraltar Tunnels during the great siege which the Rock was then undergoing. About the year 1900, tunnelling was restarted, by the Admiralty and the City Council, for water storage. The reservoirs constructed in the depths of the Rock were a peacetime marvel. Modern tools and power equipment have enabled the tunnellers of to-day to go faster and deeper and, by exploratory diamond drilling ahead, to take every advantage of natural formations. The rock broken by the blasting operations is all put to use: a small proportion of it goes into concrete-making, a larger share into road- and aerodrome-construction. Approximately, half the total rock excavated is used to provide protection to existing buildings from shell or bomb blast, and even from direct hits. The Royal Engineer companies now on the Rock of Gibraltar are entirely recruited from ex-miners, or from coal, iron and quarry workers. Most of the men are already serving in the Army, and a large proportion had seen foreign service before volunteering for tunnelling work. The men come from the coalfields of Scotland, Northumberland, Durham, the Midlands, South and North Wales, the quarries of Cumberland and the mines of Cornwall. The Rock of Gibraltar is a mass of dense grey limestone, Lower Jurassic in age. In some of the caves which the tunnellers have opened on the eastern side a great many mammalian remains have been found and preserved for scientific research and disposal after the war

ANOTHER SCENE IN THE SAME CAVERN AS THAT SEEN IN THE UPPER PICTURE: The size of these caverns can be well gauged by the two pictures reproduced here

THESE MEN ARE PLACING FUSES for the blasting down of a wall. Such scientific aids have greatly helped in the tunnelling work

ALL THE MEN WEAR A BERET with the letter "T" inscribed on it

A CANADIAN, who is the company boxing champion



A SOLDIER OF THE KING'S REGIMENT, guarding the entrance to a section. Most of the tunnels have been given their own distinctive names

The HOME GUARD UNDER REVIEW

Now that the Organisation of this Defence Army is Undergoing Change, Here is a Review of the Whole Present Situation

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE DARTMOOR YEOMANRY GUARD THE DEVON MOORS: A most vital work undertaken by men born and bred in the region, who know every foot of the country. These men can even study animal and bird life for the purpose of discovering anything strange or unknown in the regions they patrol

THE Home Guard is very much in the news to-day. It is an absolutely indispensable element in the protection of the British Isles, which, in turn, is the crux of the whole war, and now that Hitler is obviously disengaging in Russia, the thoroughness of the training of the Home Guard has acquired a new urgency.

But it has never lacked strength. The first appeal for men to join the Home Guard (then known as Local Defence Volunteers) was made in May 1940. By July over 1,500,000 men had responded to the call of patriotism, and a halt had to be made in their recruitment. It was clear that, if this were not done, there would be too many to arm. Since then, the fall in the strength of the Home Guard has been negligible, although many have been called up and there has been the natural wastage, together with change of occupation, which in some cases has demanded so many man-hours that the individual Home Guard has been unable to continue his duties in uniform.

As I write, the House of Commons has already approved the compulsory enlistment of men between the ages of eighteen and fifty-one into the Home Guard. The reason is simple and real. The Home Guard has always been a series of local units whose strength depends on the strength of the local population, and it has been impossible to transfer men from more thickly-populated areas to more thinly-populated areas without transgressing the original idea that the Home Guards were to be soldiers who fought near their own homes.

IN THE EVENT OF INVASION OF OUR CITIES, the local Home Guard would be called on to defend vital buildings, such as telephone exchanges and other key points

Automatically, certain evacuated areas have been depleted of their original man-power, and it is now necessary to bring the Home Guards in these sectors up to strength. Indeed, there are certain places where every available man is required for the Home Guard. It has therefore been decided to introduce compulsion in districts where the Army Council regards this action as desirable. Apart from this, measures have long been needed to deal with the other weakness of the Home Guard—that percentage of slackers who fail to treat their training seriously. It is in most cases a lack of imagination, and even the heroic performance of the Russian Home Guards in Moscow and Leningrad has failed to stir them. What is more, these men do not realise that as the weapons issued to the Home Guard become more elaborate (and some of them are, in my opinion, far too elaborate for any troops except Commandos or the Foreign Legion), untrained men become a liability rather than an asset to their individual unit.

There has also been a suggestion that several men have joined the Home Guard in order to dodge fire-spotting and other duties. Which is true, to my certain knowledge.

The position, therefore, is that 95 per cent. of the rank and file are keen patriots—and 100 per cent. of the officers, whose self-sacrifice is quite remarkable. But, speaking as a sergeant, I will deal with this aspect of the case later.

It has now been rightly decided to abolish what is known as the "Housemaid's Clause": In other words, the arbitrary right of any Home Guard to give fourteen days' notice of his resignation. Looking round the men in my own Company of Home Guards, I doubt whether one in eighty will take advantage of the loophole which permits existing Home Guards to retain their right to be discharged at fourteen days' notice for a prescribed period before the new Order. Apart from anything else, they are discovering that if they take their discharge, they will still be liable to various calls of National Service, including the Home Guard itself—unless they secure exemption from the Tribunal.

Very properly, it has also been decided that any Home Guards who do not apply for their discharge in the next few weeks will be regarded as having accepted, voluntarily, the new order of things. This new order will include new sanctions, such as those which applied in peacetime to the Territorials. In other words, any man who fails to attend parades can be taken before a Civil Court and fined a maximum of £10 or be given a maximum of one month's imprisonment. This will apply, too, to men who refuse to enrol, as instructed, locally. With the beautiful sense of compromise for which England is justifiably famous, the Army Council has laid down maximum periods of training and duty—not minimum periods of obligatory training and duty. These are assessed at forty-eight hours a month. Off the record, it is hoped that at least half this time will be employed in real training—as opposed to lying-in pickets and other night duties which do not involve any real training of the Home Guard, thus occupied. Perhaps I should have explained that the ages of male adults in Great Britain who would be liable to the new Conscription Order are eighteen to fifty-one, though the previous age limit of seventeen to sixty-five still holds good for volunteers.

So much for the plans for the immediate future. Now, as an Old Original, let me try to visualise the whole Home Guard scene. It seems to me that you can divide the Home Guard into a number of categories and sub-categories. First of all, there are the urban units, the semi-urban units and the countryside units. Next, the first two categories must be divided into factory units and non-static units. Finally, the country units must be subdivided into those operating in danger zones and those in reception areas. For it is no good blinking the fact that the Home Guard is a curate's egg, and discipline and efficiency vary locally as much as the equipment provided—probably in exactly this proportion.

HOME GUARD SOLDIERS BEING TRAINED in the defence of a London railway station: They are using a Bren gun under the cover of a convenient builder's barrow

Home Guard units can be extraordinarily efficient; but it depends very much on the Zone Commander whether full use is made of the extreme good nature of the regular troops in the neighbourhood. These will provide instructors ad lib.; they will give up their Sundays willingly for exercises with the Home Guard; they will regularly loan them their bombing pits. Nine times out of ten this is fully appreciated by the local Home Guard. But the remaining 10 per cent.

who show ungraciousness ought to have their ears pinned back. I know of cases where the local Home Guard units insist on Guards instructors being sent to them, instead of going eagerly to the Guards themselves. Of course, so much depends on the Zone Commander, and speaking as a Home Guard sergeant operating in a big town, I can say that my Company is highly fortunate to be under a Zone Commander who until five years ago was Director of Military Training at the War Office.

And now I would like to particularise from the general (in fact, he is a Lieutenant-General). At least, this should be interesting to Home Guards in heavily-populated cities. Our Company's strength is 160 on paper, though the actual effective strength

WITH CAMOUFLAGED STEEL HELMET, this stalwart is charging through a smoke screen, rifle in one hand and hand-grenade in the other

is 100. Since we were formed on June 6, 1940, about 500 have passed through the books. Of these about 120 have joined the Army, and a similar number have transferred to other H.G. units. Our constitution is four platoons and one headquarters section. The officers are: one company commander (a major), one second-in-command (a captain), one assistant (an adjutant), who is a lieutenant, one officer attached from Zone, who is a captain, together with four platoon commanders, who are lieutenants, and four platoon officers, who are second-lieutenants.

What are our facilities? The answer is that we have no drill hall in the area—just four Platoon Headquarters and one Company Headquarters. These are located in private houses or mews or a basement. No rent or rates have to be paid for them, and we have the minimum light and gas, and only one telephone—at Company Headquarters. Our equipment is approximately 150 rifles, 8 tommy guns, 8 light automatics, not to mention various of the latest-type grenades.

As for training, we have a very strict winter programme. The recruits have to do three nights a week, together with Sunday morning parades. The Young Soldiers do the same. The trained men do two nights a week and Sunday mornings. In addition, guards and pickets have to be found nightly. This is apart from voluntary parades on

THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE HOME GUARD, Lord Bridgeman, D.S.O., M.C., at his desk at the War Office in London going over details with two of his staff officers

Saturdays for those men who are selected for teams taking part in internal competitions like musketry, bombing, bayonet-fighting, squad drill and arms drill. (The silver cups for these events are held for four months, and new teams are selected for each competition.) The Headquarters Section, which I command, are specialists in bombing, automatic weapons and the Northover projector. They also form an instructor's cadre on exercises. They act as a kind of flying squad.

The Company in which I serve was one of the first units formed, and has trained progressively from the start, the earlier drills and formations being carried out under instructors from a crack regiment. At one time, during the "blitz," we were furnishing guards at a very important transformer station, the Town Hall, our Company Headquarters and Zone Headquarters. This gave the men only one night at home and four nights on duty over a period of months. In addition to training parades, we were being called out in aid of the police on every "blitz" night in the area. On these "blitz" nights we formed cordons round "blitzed" houses and shops, directing traffic, preventing any possibility of looting, helping in the evacuation of casualties, clearing dangerous premises and extinguishing incendiaries. As a result, the Company has twice been thanked by the Mayor of the Borough, and by the Metropolitan Police, for their services during air raids.

A RESOURCEFUL HOME GUARD IN BEDFORDSHIRE, suitably camouflaged, conceals himself and his Browning automatic rifle whilst participating in manœuvres

The Company has held two recruiting dances in the area, at which such celebrities as Vic Oliver, Bébé Daniels and Ben Lyon have given their services free. Unfortunately, these cannot be continued because no hall is available in the area.

It is impossible to give any all-embracing description of the officers and men in the Company. But the officers are either ex-Regulars or Territorials, and most of the N.C.O.s are also ex-Regulars or Territorials. The men are intelligent and educated, and of a superior type. But, with some exceptions, the latest type of recruit is not up to the original standard, perhaps because the Company has a first-class reputation for being strictly run, well-disciplined, keen and intolerant of slacking.

Being drawn from a residential area, we have lost a large number of Home Guards, who have either been "blitzed" out of their own homes or have had to follow their firms' emigration to some safer place in the country. At least, however, our Company Commander feels that most of the dead wood has now been eliminated, and that the one hundred effectives to-day are tough, keen and efficient. Our officers, after certain alterations during the first eighteen months, are good. No officer spares himself if he can help the Company, and the O.C. and Second-in-Command, both of whom are active directors of very big companies, give a minimum of two hours per evening to the Company, as well as their Sundays. The same applies to the Platoon Commanders, which has entailed considerable sacrifice on their part, and the absolute alteration of their entire social and private lives. If I may say so, this is not sufficiently realised by the War Office, and certainly not by the Territorial Association. In this Company, as in many others, officers have had to spend a good deal of money out of their own pockets to assist in getting the Company trained efficiently.

Every Englishman is entitled, almost by law, to a grumble. Here are a few: No hall is provided by the Borough for an occasional dance; no entertainments are offered to the men; we have no encouragement from the Local Authorities. There ought to be one week's camping compulsory for all units in the summer, with full pay of rank in camp. There should be less financial parsimony (after all, we are the cheapest army ever formed); and the men ought to be paid at least as much as the Civil Defence fire-spotters for their all-night duties.

To conclude: an inspection by H.M. the King, or some other member of the Royal Family, would be definitely encouraging.

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

AMERICAN WORD-PICTURES of BRITAIN at WAR

Ed. Murrow, the American Londoner; Guardsman Kersh and his "Buddies"; Biographies of the Great from Peter Quennell and Aldous Huxley

AMONG the things that strike the visitor to the United States in these days is the enormous part which radio plays in the national life. I do not mean that on an average more people listen to the radio in America than in this country, though on the whole I think they do. What the visitor finds remarkable is the widespread development of the various radio news bulletins. Nearly all the big stations feature background, explanatory and interpretative talks by people like Lowell Thomas, Raymond Gram Swing, Cæsar Searcinger and the like. But in addition to these they have their commentators functioning from all parts of the world.

These men employ the technique and methods of any war or foreign correspondent, with the difference that the spoken word requires more emphasis and more decisiveness than the written despatch. Like others of their kind, they are, of course, hot-news specialists, but as the news, day by day, is not necessarily always hot, they fill in a good many of their talks with background material based on their own interpretation of local conditions.

Every night they are to be found in a B.B.C. studio speaking their pieces at any time between 1 a.m. and 5 a.m. Most of them have seen us through every phase of the war. From them has gone some of the best propaganda from this country to the American people, despite censorship restrictions and the hundred and one irritations which are bound to crop up in a job like this.

One of the best known of these American radio commentators is Ed. Murrow. Regularly every night since July 1939 he has broadcast to the United States over the network of the Columbia Broadcasting System. It is his practice to begin each talk with "This is London." Colleagues in his New York office have selected and edited a number of these talks and put them together in a book called THIS IS LONDON, by Edward R. Murrow. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.). They are, as Ed. Murrow points out in an introduction, "the language of speech, designed to be heard and not read." They were, of course, subject to censorship, but though "occasionally material has been deleted from a script, the censors have never tried to tell me what to include. I have talked under no instructions from my home office, except to find the news and report it."

Be that as it may, there will be few in this country who could read without a thrill the consecutive story which this book makes. Over here we are supposed to be able to understand and to appreciate the art of understatement. Some of us, therefore, may like this laconic sentence: "Some of these broadcasts were written and spoken under conditions that were not conducive to careful phraseology."

I take at random the following, under the date September 18, 1940. "I may tell you that Bond Street has been bombed; that a shop selling handkerchiefs at £8 a dozen has been wrecked; that these words were written on a table of good English oak which sheltered me three times as bombs tore down in the vicinity. But you can have little understanding of the life in London these days; the courage of the people; the flash and roar of the guns rolling down streets where much of the history of the English-speaking world has been made; the stench of air-raid shelters in the poor districts. These things must be experienced to be understood." For me there is a particular interest in the thought and direction of Mr. Murrow's remarks during the first phase of the war before the Battle of Britain. They are the comments of a fair and impartial observer and they make very interesting reading now. Ed. Murrow has, I believe, just gone home for a well-earned holiday. His visit coincides with a dramatic moment in his country's history. As a Londoner, I am proud to salute him as a man who has lived through London's agony and who loves her, and as an official ally at last.

Mr. Gerald Kersh is the author of a book or two of which some of us sat up and took notice when each appeared. By some omission there is no note of them in his latest publication, THEY DIE WITH THEIR BOOTS CLEAN (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.).

Mr. Gerald Kersh joined the Coldstream Guards and, from the evidence to be deduced from this book, has attained the considerable rank of Guardsman. If what he has written is fiction, then it obscures truth and fact by only the thinnest veneer.

This is the sort of book which could only be written by what was known in the last war as an "old sweat." Guardsman Kersh knows all there is to be known about dodging the column and scrimshanking. He can give you a straight answer to the eternal question as to why the British soldier at times pushes his perpetual habit of grousing almost to the point of mutiny and at the same time would most bitterly resent any relaxation of discipline calculated to impair his efficiency as a soldier, and why he would be proud to assert that if and when he has to die he will die with his boots clean.

But that is not all of it. Guardsman Kersh has a great gift for portraiture, a wonderful eye for dialect, dialogue and slang, and a penetrating insight into the minds and souls of those curiously assorted individuals who make up the rank and file of a Brigade of Guards. These are the men who stood steady as a rock on the beaches at Dunkirk, dragged themselves through mud, sea, bombs, shot, shell and machine-gun bullets; were packed like sardines on tinpot little boats, and arrived in England looking as if they had marched straight off the barrack square.

If anybody can read this rumbustious yarn of Guardsman Kersh and his colleagues without a thrill, and without a sense of pride, then he had better go for his reading to a neutral country, if he can find one.

Mr. Peter Quennell has followed his much-discussed *Byron: The Years of Fame*, with another biographical study of the poet covering another period. BYRON IN ITALY (Collins. 12s. 6d.) covers the period of the poet's career between 1816 and 1823. That is, from the moment when he left England under the social cloud following his separation from Lady Byron.

For a skilled biographer of the modern school this is indeed an abundant subject. Men of letters have quarrelled about Byron ever since the *Edinburgh Review* engaged him with ponderous polemics, and ever since they tittled and tattled in Albany Chambers and up and down the glorified coffee-houses of St. James's, now called clubs. Plenty of people to-day would be found to disagree with Mr. Quennell's treatment of his subject, but all will agree that the issues he raises are both legitimate and interesting. That he chooses to break a critical lance with other men's conceptions of the Romantic movement and Byron's place in it adds a certain spice for the ordinary or lay reader. Certainly it is a book having a permanent value among the great biographies.

Mr. Aldous Huxley, it will perhaps be agreed, is temperamentally and philosophically qualified to write a biography of so interesting a character in history as Father Joseph. GREY EMINENCE; A STUDY IN RELIGION AND POLITICS (Chatto and Windus. 15s.), contains in its very title a promise of full measure from the acute, analytical and at all times prejudiced mind of its author. There is scarcely a character in history with whom Mr. Aldous Huxley could tussle with more zest and flashing dialectic than Cardinal Richelieu. That he chooses to use Father Joseph as his stalking-horse adds a sparkle of entertainment to the conflict.

Some readers may even discern that Mr. Huxley is tilting at some less solid and more metaphysical windmills, and may even be prepared to accept the dressing-up and stuffing of his puppets in order to enjoy the intellectual cuts and thrusts. *Grey Eminence* is not a book to be recommended to those whose standards of literature are bounded by *Gone With the Wind*. Only posterity can determine which of these masterpieces will survive.

THE "BERMONDSEY BRUISERS" AND THE "BETHNAL GREEN BASHERS" BATTLE FOR WASTE PAPER

The last round of the Waste Paper Battle between the "Bermondsey Bruisers" and the "Bethnal Green Bashers" took place on the stage of the Saville Theatre after the matinee a few days ago. The Mayor of Bermondsey handed Mr. Leslie Henson a cheque for £1,283 7s. 10d., which he, in turn, presented to Air Marshal Sir Tom Webb-Bowen for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. The Mayor of Bethnal Green gave Miss Binnie Hale a cheque for £1,036, which she passed on to Mr. P. Dunkley, of the Merchant Service, for the British Sailors' Society. Also on the stage was Mr. Mitchelhill, the donor of the cheques, who had agreed to give £10 for every ton of paper collected in Bermondsey, to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, and the same amount per ton for paper collected in Bethnal Green to the British Sailors' Society. During the week's drive Bermondsey's total was 128 tons, 6 cwt., 88 lb., and Bethnal Green's 103 tons, 12 cwt. In the picture from left to right are: Miss Binnie Hale and the Mayor of Bethnal Green presenting their cheque to Mr. P. Dunkley for the British Sailors' Society; and Air Marshal Sir Tom Webb-Bowen receiving the cheque from Mr. Leslie Henson for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Mr. Mitchelhill, the donor, is on the extreme right

WASTE PAPER IS A MUNITION OF WAR!

A NEW BRITISH SCIENTIFIC QUARTERLY

Last month saw the publication of a British scientific quarterly with the name *Endeavour*. It is a new development in scientific journalism designed to keep before the world the continuing vitality and progress of the sciences in the service of mankind, and will be published in four editions—English, Spanish, French and German. Its circulation will be in the neighbourhood of 25,000, and it will be distributed mainly to colleges, scientific institutions, clubs and prominent individuals in foreign countries and the British Empire. It will be published by Imperial Chemical Industries with the co-operation of the British Council. The editor, Dr. E. J. Holmyard, will be assisted by a panel composed of Professor Allan Ferguson, Professor Sir Robert Robinson, Dr. R. E. Slade and Dr. C. H. Waddington. That the need for such a publication is urgent is demonstrated by the hold which German propaganda has made throughout the whole world. Even amongst British physicians it is to-day a common practice to use German trade names in place of the generic names of products. A few that come readily to the mind are aspirin, luminal, medinal, evipan—all of which are branded names. A few days ago, a correspondent from the Far East reported that the British are having to rely on German-made atabrin (again a trade name) as a specific against malaria. This shows the degree to which we are obsessed by German scientific propaganda, because not only do we quote the German branded name, but we ask people to believe something which is not true, since an English equivalent is made and supplied to the Army under a British pharmacopœia name. The new quarterly will be definitely "high-brow": the idea behind it is that if you convince the "intellectual," he will then relay his impressions to the "masses"!

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A few months ago a motherless boy of 5½ was admitted into our Home for Small Boys. Neglected and uncared for, he had no idea how to use a knife and fork, preferring to use his fingers when eating. He also found getting into a bath a frightening business, not because he had been startled in this respect before, but it was such an unusual adventure. To-day he is managing quite well at meal-times, and he enjoys a bath as much as any of the other boys. Yes, in this twentieth century, little children still know such neglect. Will you send a gift to give a chance to some such child? Address: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

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Milestones ... 1934/5

Stages in the development of a reputation

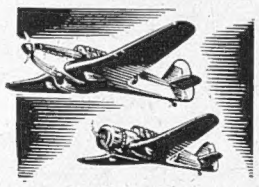
AFTER the success of the Hawk in 1933 had justified the designers' belief in the low-wing monoplane, other aeroplanes quickly followed. They were the first British aeroplanes to standardise split flaps, which provided full control at very slow landing speeds.

HAWK MAJOR Two-seater (bottom). The prototype of this famous plane, fitted with a Gipsy III engine, was flown by Tommy Rose in the 1934 King's Cup Race, gaining a popular second. MacGregor and Walker flew a Hawk Major from England to Australia in five days, fifteen hours, a single-engine record that stands to-day.

FALCON Four-seater (centre). This was the designers' first real cabin aeroplane, but in all other respects was similar to the Hawk Major. Fitted with a Gipsy VI engine, a Falcon was piloted to victory by Tommy Rose in the 1935 King's Cup Race. Two Hawk Trainers also secured second and third places. A Miles Aircraft Sparrowhawk completed an outstanding day by winning the speed prize, and was first to finish, although unplaced on handicap time.

MERLIN five-seater (top). Built to the specification of Birkett Airways to carry a pilot, four passengers and luggage with a 200-h.p. engine, this aeroplane, developed from the Falcon, was soon flying on regular services at home and abroad.

It was during this period that Phillips & Powis Aircraft, Ltd., became a public company. The experience behind Miles Aircraft design was then devoted to the building of Service aircraft, a policy which resulted in the now-famous Miles Master — fast advanced Monoplane Trainer for the Monoplane Pilots of the R.A.F.



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10/- will send a parcel and cigarettes to a prisoner.

£5 will send regular parcels and cigarettes for a year.

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IMPORTANT: If you are interested in a particular prisoner, please attach details. Parcels will then be sent in your name.

To MISS CHRISTINE KNOWLES, O.B.E., *Hon. Director, and* LORD ABERDARE, *Chairman.*

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

THE year 1941 will be remembered by many of us as the year in which we became accustomed to restrictions; coupons and cuts; no cigarettes, chocolate or matches; restricted travel, few hotels. In fact, when the veil of war is lifted, it will be like stepping out of the darkness into the blazing sunshine. For the moment we shall not be able to make a start on our newfound liberties.

The imperative necessity to save paper, and more paper, has necessarily restricted these weekly notes, and whilst present conditions last their appearance is likely to be infrequent. But my advice on your looked-forward-to leave (it may be a honeymoon as well), to your break from war work or some peaceful spot after illness, is still freely at your disposal.

Indeed, it is gratifying to find, in spite of the absence of these notes, how SPHERE readers have come to look on me as their information bureau on hotel matters.

A year ago I found myself very restricted in answering inquiries. All good hotels were full—so full that it was only a source of embarrassment for them to receive inquiries. Some, in fact, had to ration their accommodation, and in fairness to the community at large would not accept bookings except for a limited stated period.

But for the last few months a more normal state of supply and demand has come about, and it can be said—London excepted—that few hotels are full, though it would be dangerous to deduce from this that one can safely revert to the pre-war practice of drifting into an hotel and assuming that a meal or a bedroom is waiting.

Wise people will still phone or write in advance, but they will also take advantage of the more normal situation by exercising their choice, which is once more possible.

The hotel announcements which will continue to appear each week in THE SPHERE are a safe guide, for I can vouch for their statements. But here again space is restricted, so when in doubt write to me, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope for reply. It would be invidious to mention in such occasional notes as these any individual hotels. It would be better to give you a guide on how best I can direct you. I have mentioned this before, I expect, but so few of those who write to me take into consideration that I cannot read into their minds that it is necessary they are as informative as possible.

For example, I get inquiries regarding honeymoons almost daily. They are mostly from Service people, and the prospective bridegroom usually writes. He may write from his station, say, somewhere in Lancashire, but he does not tell me that the wedding is to be at Ipswich, so I, with Lancashire as my only clue, am put on the wrong scent and probably suggest one of the picked spots I know of in the Lake District.

With restricted travel it is imperative that those going away think in terms of something closer at hand.

Every county can offer complete contrasts. Take Sussex, where I am now writing from. There is the seaboard at present unrestricted. There is a host of good hotels near to the downs, offering variations in scenery and pursuits. Then there is the heart of Sussex as represented by that area which bounds St. Leonard's Tilgate and Worth Forests. There is a lifetime of holidays to be spent in Sussex alone.

Do not let yourself be prejudiced in this choice of war break. You may be wedded to Devon, but I may be able to find you the equivalent in Surrey. You may still have in your mind's eye pictures of the Cornish Riviera, but if you live in the North, cannot manage the long distance and still want warmth, there is a "Torquay of the North" with even finer scenery close at hand.

One final point. Please, if you do write me, allow plenty of time to reply. Letters have to be forwarded to me wherever I may happen to be. Sometimes I in my turn may have to make certain inquiries, and one has to allow for restrictions in posts. While there are some inquiries—such conundrums because of the stipulations and restrictions—that I have to sleep on them for more than the proverbial one night.

GENERAL NOTES

Whilst the Kingsway Hotel, Hove, is temporarily shut, its sister-hotel, The Lawns at Hove, is still open. Moor Hall Hotel, Ninfield, Sussex, is *not*, contrary to some opinion, in a defence area. The only first-class hotel in Stratford-on-Avon now open is the William and Mary, and it should be noted that outside the Shakespearean season the Memorial Theatre there is utilised by touring companies as well as for musical recitals. Owing to staff difficulties, a number of hotels have had to close a floor or a wing. Staff difficulties will grow, so don't travel around with heavy luggage, and don't think it undignified to make your own bed and tidy (not clean) your own room. It will help to keep hotels going at all.

Many hotels are having to decline to serve meals in rooms, however light. And if you can bring your own bottle of whisky to a licensed hotel these days the management will receive you with open arms. The rule about corkage is dead for the duration.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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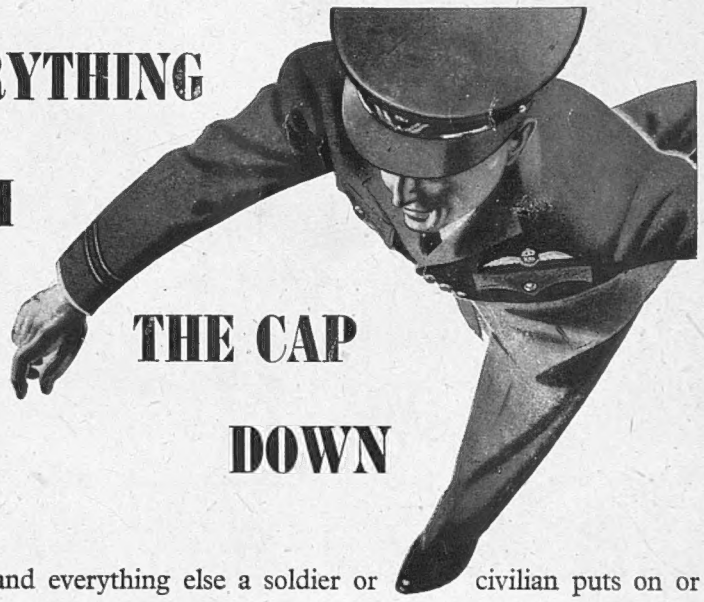

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